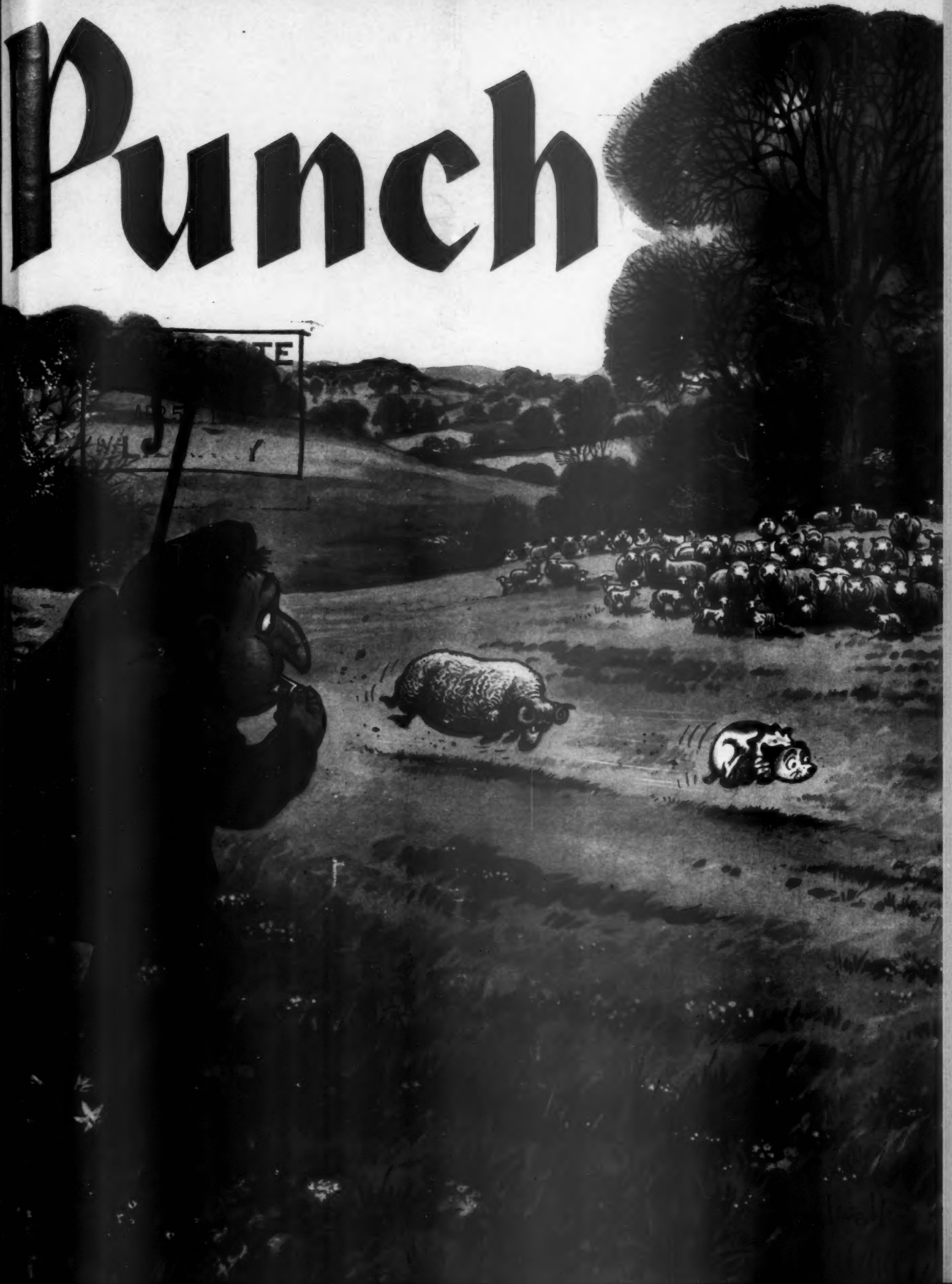


# Punch



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## Subscriptions

If you wish to have *Punch* sent to your home each week, send £2 16s. 0d.\* to the Publisher, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

\*For overseas rates see page 404. Postage of this issue: Gt. Britain and Eire 23d.; Canada 1d.\* Elsewhere Overseas 34d.\* Mark Wrapper top left-hand corner \*Canadian Magazine Post \*Printed Papers—Reduced Rate.

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## The London Charivari

I ALWAYS seem to be getting hand-outs on the impressive stationery of the Atomic Energy Authority's press office telling me that a new reactor has "gone critical." Last week's was the "HERALD," at Aldermaston, which—for connoisseurs—is a little water-moderated tank-type number designed to operate continuously at 5 MW. It's the word critical that makes me uneasy; it has a suggestion that things may go one way or the other, and that Sir John Cockcroft's guess is as good as mine. It's usually all right. Though of course there was Windscale. But it takes me some time to get over these announcements, and if their frequency intensifies further I shall be in a permanent state of alert. I suppose that makes me critical, as if anyone cared.

### Not Himself

THAT taxi-driver who helped a passenger to give birth to a baby last week is said to have been so

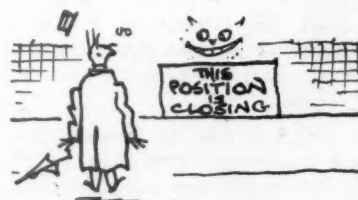


flustered that it didn't occur to him, until an ambulance had taken mother and child away, to put up an extra sixpence on the clock.

### Going Down

POST Office customers will be glad to hear that those maddening "Position Closed" notices are to be

scrapped, though the substitution of "This Position is Closing," now promised, seems a pretty half-hearted



reform. What's wanted is some adapted cinema-organ machinery, so that the clerk gradually disappears from view.

### More than Twopence Coloured

A Dutch legal expert is proposing a new method of publishing which involves the printing of lines on top of each other in red and green ink—to be read with spectacles of the appropriate colour. The object of the exercise is to cut the cost of books. But who has a plan for cutting the cost of spectacles? Rose-coloured glasses, in particular, come a bit expensive these days.

### Assorted Underworlds

ONE reason criminals give for relapsing is the difficulty of getting work on discharge; but they could, apparently, always get jobs in schools. A teacher with twelve convictions has just been convicted once more. If criminals feel their qualifications are a little under par they can, if conscientious, sometimes buy an M.A. Selling degrees is a profitable and far from arduous career; but once





"Dead lucky—threatened to do a Freeman on me and then let me off with a Whickering."

a postal University in America fell on such evil days that it could not pay the charwoman and was reduced to trying to get her to accept a D.D. in lieu of wages.

#### Seen Through a Spy-Glass Darkly

AIRCRAFT recognition, never too easy for some of us in the last war, will be a lot more difficult in the future if there is an extension of the fashion of sporting a brewer's trademark set by 824 Naval Squadron's helicopters. With brewery amalgamations and take-overs fermenting faster than yeast every month, hop-leaves, coloured triangles, crowing cocks, elephants and barrels may flash and pass on the fuselage at almost the speed of sound. It will be a fiendishly cunning spy who can transmit really reliable gen to a foreign power building up a picture of our battle order. I foresee angry mutterings at headquarters: "Z2 must be recalled. The silly bourgeois has mucked up the mergers and he's got a bunch of Flourage fighters where we make it there ought to be Bassington bombers."

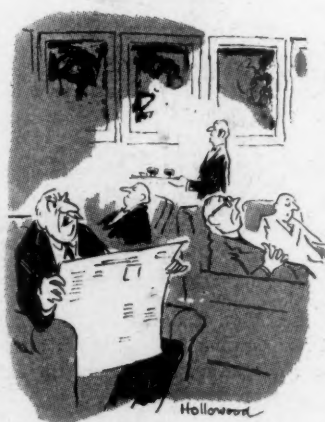
#### In Darkest England

A FIRM of New York publishers, preparing an American edition of

an English book, recently sent the writer a long list of words and phrases considered unintelligible to U.S. readers. The list includes trouser turn-ups, platform tickets, trifle, wafer biscuits, hacking jacket, dinge, valves, soft furnishing, jam tarts and level crossings, and some passages will require amendments that really amount to translation. I wonder how much alteration is thought necessary when an American book is published over here? In the majority of cases, I would say, none at all. There is certainly a deep understanding between our two countries—but need quite so much of it have to be on this side?

#### The Rutland Tradition

THE dwarf county of Rutland, threatened with extinction, is fighting the "cloven hoof of Whitehall" with an asperity worthy of that truculent dwarf Rutlander, Sir Jeffrey Hudson, who was served up in a warm pie to Charles I's queen. Perhaps it draws courage, too, from that Lord Harborough who cracked a few skulls in his efforts to keep the railways out of Rutland; or from Sir Everard Digby, the Gunpowder Plotter, who also tangled with the central Government; or from Copenhagen, the Duke of Wellington's charger, who was happiest in the smoke of battle. This is not the time, perhaps, to recall that Rutland's most famous son was Titus Oates.



"India, Burma, Kenya, Rutland—will it ever end?"

The twelfth in the series of drawings in colour by Hewison, "As They Might Have Been," is on page 403. The subject is: F.M. LORD MONTGOMERY of ALAMEIN

#### Fame in the Melting Pot

SOME poignant facts about relative survival values in sport and politics are revealed by a spokesman of Madame Tussaud's. Less than two years after his resignation Mr. Peter Thorneycroft has been liquidated, but another victim, W. G. Grace, has endured for over fifty years since his retirement. Mr. Thorneycroft may take some small comfort from the fact that his Baker Street wax has engendered two non-political entertainers—Mr. Charlie Drake and Mr. Tommy Steele. Even so, W.G. would have made ten of them.

#### Interest Exhausted

THE cartoon film has become so stereotyped that if you drop in at a cartoon cinema in London you are taken back thirty years or so. The qualification for cartoon film-making seems to be a good memory and a strong sense of tradition. And there is not all that much to remember, either. Can we please have a rest from cats that pursue mice right up to their holes and bang their heads, leads that get twined round trees, wallops inducing concussed dreams of floating on clouds, pursuing animals doing U-turns, wooden houses where the back wall bulges when the front door is slammed, sleeping dogs crawled over by mice, squirrels or birds, arrows in behinds and, above all, woodpeckers?

#### Dummy Run

"The sort of methods referred to . . . have never been used by the British Army on its prisoners and never will be used."—Mr. Christopher Soames

BEN BATTLE was a soldier told How to withstand the strain Of all the ways in which the foe Might try to wash his brain.

The hardest lesson in his course Remains upon the shelf: How to make certain he'll forgo The use of them himself.

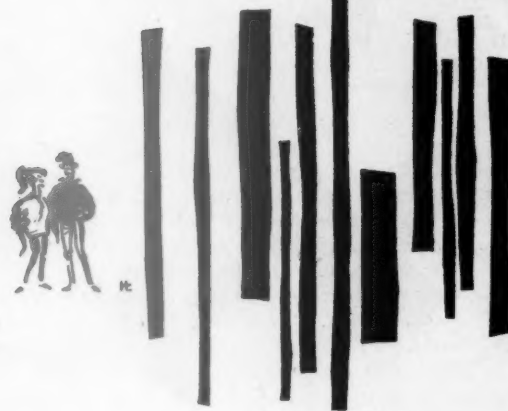
—MR. PUNCH





SPRING SOWING

# THE TEENAGE JUNGLE



A successful teenager reveals in a light-hearted way how to capitalize on being aged between thirteen and twenty without having to sling a guitar round your neck and pay a little girl to run your Fan Club. He has written two novels and a third is due in April.

## 3. Teenager in Business

By KENNETH MARTIN

IT'S not much fun being a teenager in business. I know. I learned the hard way, and now at twenty I'm giving it up to become a human being. At the beginning you have two alternatives. You can be exploited, and become a singer, but this means that you never see most of the money you earn. I was too intelligent and selfish to be exploited, so I chose the second alternative. I became a monster.

I arrived in London at the age of seventeen with a book contract and £70, all that remained of my advance royalties. I was determined to be famous and fantastically rich while I was still young enough to enjoy it. I had talent, but I was woefully ignorant and inexperienced. The only thing in my favour was that my inexperience prevented me from realizing the full extent of my ignorance. I was sure the £70 would last until I sold a couple of stories in America. I cheerfully tossed off two stories and sent them off by air-mail. They were cheerfully returned by sea-mail, which only made me realize what a bad state American magazines were in.

Meanwhile I had pulled off a *coup*. The day I arrived in London the *Daily Mirror* launched a new weekly called *Fling*. It was probably the first paper aimed specifically at the teenage market. I wrote to the editor and told him how much he needed me. He wrote back and asked for proof. Next day I arrived at his office with my first article. It was about the only two people who interested me even half as much as Kenneth Martin: Françoise Sagan and Christine Truman. The article was accepted and appeared three days later under the headline *Meet Ken Martin—He's already shocked the literary world—soon he'll be shocking you*. There was also a photograph of me smiling gaily behind the new set of teeth the friendly *Fling* photographer had

thoughtfully provided for me. Turn in your next column on Monday morning, the editor told me.

I froze. Quite suddenly I was incapable of writing a word that was remotely suitable for my column. I wandered round London, devoured the newspapers looking for some scrap of information I could use. But Monday morning dawned, and I had nothing to show the editor. There were two ways of looking at the situation. Either I was a bad journalist or the world was a very dull place, quite unworthy of me.

But this was where the *coup* came in. There was a letter for me in the hall. *Fling* had had its fling. Circulation had not come up to expectations, and the *Daily Mirror* had quite suddenly closed it down. There was a cheque for £200 with the letter, in full payment for my unexpired contract. I realized later that this was just about the worst thing that could have happened to me. Later I learned that this sort of miracle happens once in a writer's lifetime, but at least I had some money again.

My first novel was now about to be published, and the whole publicity machine began to grind around me. Never a day went by without some newspaper, radio or television interview. My book was good in its unconscious little way, but I was only interviewed because I was seventeen. *The People* published a photograph of me coughing up whisky in a sordid pub, and trying to stop my nose running while I read the Condensed Works of Thomas Wolfe (in those days I regarded books as something to be clutched, title showing, while you made a glamorous exit from the Paris 'plane). The *Daily Mail* published a photograph of me sitting in a chair watching myself dance, with the witty headline *I've just met the three-headed author of such a naughty novel*.

I appeared on a lady journalist's television programme and was asked for my views on love. What can you say about love when you're seventeen, scared stiff and have a reputation to keep up? I said that people only fell in love to have somebody to keep them warm in winter, that the whole thing was vastly overrated, and that I'd much rather go on being a genius. Everyone thought I was vastly amusing.

The result of all this was that I now had one topic for conversation—me. And heaven help anyone who hadn't heard of me. Politics, religion, ideas of any kind, other writers' books, all bored me. I was a teenage zombie.

My novel came out, had good notices, and sold 6,000 copies. I had been convinced that it would outsell *Bonjour Tristesse*, and was bitterly angry with my publisher and agent when it "failed." If I'd only known how many writers would have given a limb for my reviews and my sales. My agent sold the American rights, and I sulked because it had not yet been translated into French.

Meanwhile I had spent my *Fling* money and my American advance, and was actually forced to look for a job. The only thing for which I seemed to have any qualifications was copywriting. I wrote to half a dozen advertising agencies, and promptly learned my first lesson. If you're very young never try to get into one of the big organizations. Their carefully-planned personnel sections become machines, and aptitude for a job is the last thing they look for when you're below the qualifying age. J. Walter Thompson's tested me, then wrote offering me a job in their packing department at £4 a week, because "your vocabulary is inadequate." A gentleman at Mather & Crowther informed me that I was

too provincial for his organization and would do better as an Oxford don.

I ended up doing shorthand and typing for an organization which manufactured superheaters, and for the first time in my life came into contact with busy people who didn't care how many books I'd written.

My first real job was as personal assistant to the chairman of a large technical publishers'. I later found out that I was only given the job because no one over twenty would have dared take it. My employer had a reputation for evil tantrums. In fact he turned out to be a part-inspired, part-inefficient human being. He had so many weaknesses of his own that he treated me like another human being, and I was so surprised that I made a great success of the job. For the first time the infant prodigy from the ice-cold north of Ireland began to thaw, and realized that he knew nothing.

But it took a long time. I wouldn't advise anybody to go into the teenage business. It's a full-time job, like being a film star. One fine morning you may wake up to find that you're twenty, everyone has grown tired of hearing your name, and your beastly personal manager has flown to Mexico with your hard-earned savings.

To be a teenager in business you must be selfish, hard,



"Lovely morning—may I borrow your oil-can?"



cruel, good-looking—at least from a distance, and preferably a hermaphrodite. But don't worry about that too much. To be a success you'll have to be such a zombie that you'd emerge from *anything* pure as the driven snow. Talent or intelligence are definitely unnecessary. Greed is much stronger than either and replaces both.

The field is so *limited*. To be a teenage pop singer these days you need three noses or an eye missing. Write a play and Joan Littlewood will turn it into a modern dress version of *The Importance of Being Earnest*. And before you reach Stratford, E., Shelagh Delaney will have scratched your eyes out. Write a novel and Françoise Sagan or Colin Wilson will have written it already, word for word.

There are very few ways of being extraordinary these days. Most *enfants terribles* had the inestimable advantage of being originals, through no fault of their own.

I suggest that you become the first Typical Teenager: spotty, scurfy, tone-deaf, misunderstood (no wonder), and agonizingly inarticulate when asked a difficult question like "Why do you prefer Cliff Richard to Anthony Perkins?" or "Why do you live in Britain when you know you'd like to live in America?" Learn to answer these questions by twisting your grubby hands and screwing your face into an expression of indescribable misery.

Of course you must also be loyal to the Crown, possess an inquiring mind ("What I want to know is why my mum won't leave me alone?") and display an aptitude for your job. Teenagers never go on strike. They would, but so far no one has asked them.

## Man in Apron

by

Larry.



You must also be interested in life, and important questions. Occasionally, but not too often, you must make a profound pause while chewing your nails, and say "Sometimes I wonder what it's all about." But immediately afterwards toss your head enthusiastically and get on with the job.

Now if you have all these qualifications, and a disgustingly large number of people do, the world is at your feet. Begin by telephoning the B.B.C. and saying "I am the Typical Teenager. I want to be the Sage of Juke Box Jury and tell Henrietta Tiarks where to get off." Later you will find that most of your income is from Associated-Rediffusion, but Juke Box Jury is good for a start.

Nothing can stop you now. You will appear on six television programmes a week, make guest appearances in British "B" pictures, sign a column that will be syndicated in six teenage weeklies and *Picturegoer*, and finally you will become respectable. You will be elected to the Council to Bring Young People Back to Church. But by then you will be a grown-up, with a grown-up's cares. Such as how to pay off £5,000 back income tax out of a yearly income of £900.

If you're like me you won't regret a thing. I'd still do almost anything to see a line I'd written in print. I was spoiled: I've never envied an *ordinary* teenager.

From my office I used to watch people of my own age doing jobs that were only fit for machines, simply because the employer had no one else to do them. In too many firms this is known as "training": young people are underpaid and bored to tears simply because of their age. They become plodders and nobody benefits.

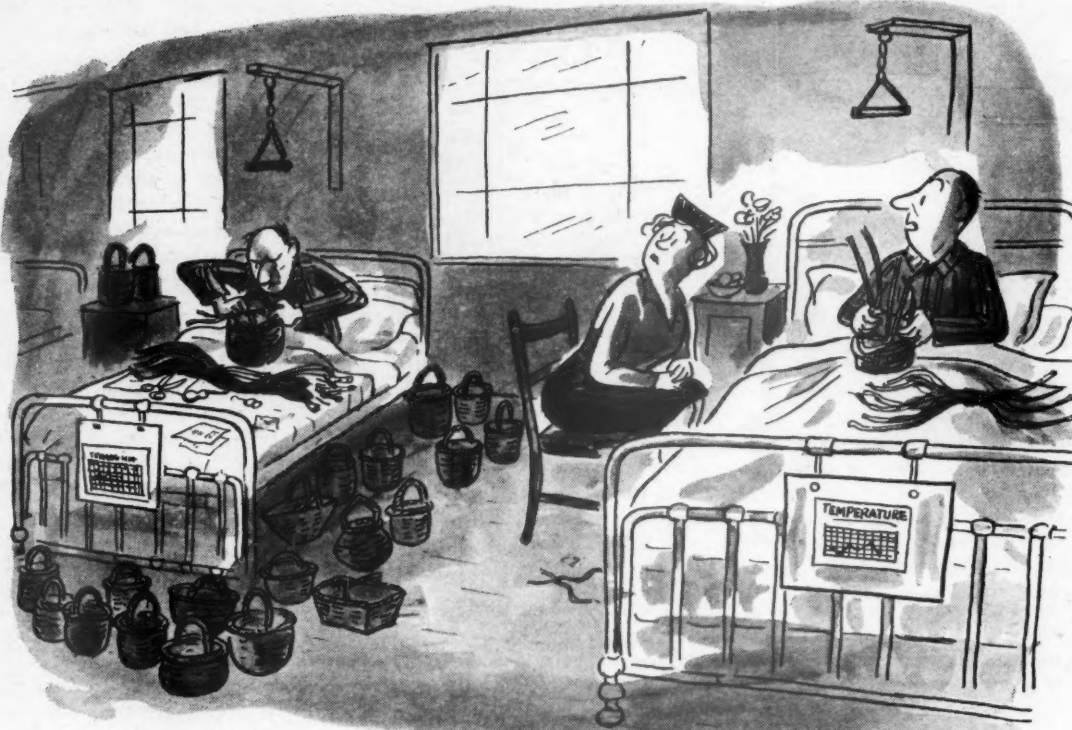
I've come across reporters from newspapers with consciences like jellyfish, but these people are easy to fight. At least they respect originality, which is sometimes news. It's often the people who try to help who seem to be turning teenagers into an age group I'm ashamed to belong to.

Recently I appeared on a series of television programmes, planned to help parents understand their children. For conventional middle-class, woman's magazine, insensitive, smug hypocrisy I have never met anybody worse than the people who planned these programmes. They had *Reader's Digest* minds and they pretended to be broadminded, but they had no spark of originality or empathy. I have an awful feeling that they represent the Intelligent Adult of the 'sixties.

After all, I'm glad I was precocious.

Next week: **Teenager in Love**, by Helene Darrel





*"It was only his ruthless fanatical business drive that put him here in the first place."*

## I Was a P.R.O. for the Chemical Warfare Branch

By B. A. YOUNG

WHEN I read that the U.S. Army Chemical Corps had hired civilian public relations men to run a campaign to "sell" the man in the street on the possibilities of gas and germ warfare and make people more sympathetic toward them, I realized at once that there was no time to be lost if we were not to get left behind again.

At the War Office I was courteously received by General Therm, the Director-General of Chemical Warfare, an officer who, as I soon saw, was well enough grounded from the technical point of view but completely at sea when it came to the larger aspects of his profession. "What exactly is it you are proposing to do?" he asked me.

I answered with another question. "What," I asked him, "is the *image* of chemical warfare which you are projecting to the public at the moment?"

"They're scared stiff of it, of course."

"Exactly. Now you can't have that, General. It won't do."

"But they're supposed to be scared stiff of it," the General said, slightly bewildered. "That's what it's for. It's a, a what-d'you-call-it, a deterrent."

"It's not to deter *us*, General. It's to deter the enemy. From our point of view it ought to be romantic and adventurous, like a battleship or an aeroplane. But it isn't, is it? It's just gas—nasty smelly stuff that makes a great pop about ten seconds after you think you've turned it off." I could see

the D.G. was interested. "Now what we have to emphasize is the other side of chemical warfare. Take a typical war gas, any one you like."

"Mustard gas?"

"Mustard gas, right. Now what do we know about mustard gas?"

"It gives you bloody great blisters."

"There you are, General," I cried, slapping the desk with the palm of my hand in a public relations gesture. "You're on the wrong tack. What else do you know about it? How do you detect it, for instance?"

"With a detector. It makes great splotches on it."

"Anything else?"

"It smells of geraniums."

"Precisely! Here we're telling



"Where to, ref. ? . . . The station?"

everybody that mustard gas brings you out in blisters, and all the time it smells of geraniums. People buy things that smell of geraniums, General, soap and after-shave lotion and so on. Oh, of course I know it *does* give you blisters, but need we harp on it so much? Hydrogen bombs give you blisters too, not to mention making your hair fall out; and yet every September crowds flock down to Farnborough and pay ten bob each to look at aeroplanes that according to Mr. Watkinson are capable of launching hydrogen bombs at somebody one day. So why not put over mustard gas in the same sort of way? It has a nice cosy domestic name. We can revive the Mustard Club. We can take time in Jim's Inn on the television, perhaps even get a vocal trio to sing one of those jingles for us—

*A welcome change from shot and shell,*

*Mustard has that geranium smell."*

The General leaned forward in his chair. "You say they're doing all this in America?" he said. "What else are they doing?"

"Well, they're trying to show how with chemical warfare you can win a war without killing a lot of people. 'Man,' one of their generals said, 'is now confronted with the possibility that he can in some important measure eliminate death from war.'"

"You *can* kill people with mustard," the General said dubiously.

"Mustard isn't the only gas we shall have, though, is it?"

"There are the nerve gases," said the General, looking uneasily about him in case he was breaking security.

"What do they smell of?" I couldn't help asking.

"I don't think they smell at all."

"Free from all unpleasant odour," I murmured automatically. "But they kill people too, don't they? It seems the Americans think they may get gases which will temporarily paralyse, blind or demoralize the enemy until the war has been won. It mentions lysergic acid here."

"Ah yes, lysergic acid," the General said in the tone of a man who has not the faintest idea what he is talking about.

I had taken the precaution of reading up on lysergic acid. "You see zig-zag lines of very bright colours, which turn into swelling clouds of still more brilliant hues. You may well see, as Weir Mitchell did—"

"What regiment's *he* in?"

"He is a civilian. He saw a Gothic tower of elaborate design, with every projecting angle and cornice, and even the faces of the stones at their joinings covered or hung with what seemed to be huge precious stones."

"Good gracious."

"That's nothing. The tower gave place to a mountain, a cliff of inconceivable height, a colossal birdclaw carved in stone and projecting over the

abyss, an endless unfurling of coloured draperies. I'm quoting from Aldous Huxley."

"He's a civilian too, I take it."

"That's the effect of lysergic acid. Imagine the effect in warfare. The enemy company commander orders his company to advance, but they are looking at Gothic towers hung with huge precious stones. You could get in among them and disarm the lot. And yet at the same time it's pleasant to take."

"The Americans have got this?"

"No. They say it will cost a hundred million dollars to develop. How much, General," I asked, pointing my finger at him, "does an intercontinental rocket cost to develop? And to how many people will it bring visions of endlessly unfurling draperies?"

"Then there's bacteriological warfare. People say it's disgusting, because they think in terms of plague epidemics and so on. But who are the great public heroes to-day, in books, in films, on the television, everywhere? Doctors. Doctors and nurses. Now we've got to get it across, General, that when we start using bacteriological warfare, every man in the army will be a lean, crinkly-haired young doctor and every girl a cool, beautiful young nurse. We can make bacteriological warfare the most heroic thing since Balaclava. The romance of it, General! Those tiny British creatures winging through space in their little capsules to spread the Western way of life—well, perhaps life is the wrong word—to spread Western values among the hordes beyond the Iron Curtain. Isn't it epic, General? Isn't it imperial?"

"Tell me, young man," said the General, his eyes illuminated with an interior light such as might be seen inside a precious stone in a lysergic acid vision, "in America, this campaign you speak of—has it raised the standing of the Army Chemical Corps?"

I had to admit that, far from that being so, the Defence Department had disavowed any part of the campaign. That interior light faded, leaving the two blue poached eggs I had first seen. The General rose to his feet and held out his hand to me.

"It's been interesting meeting you," he said. "When you hear of the Defence Department changing their mind come and see me again."



# Top Ten

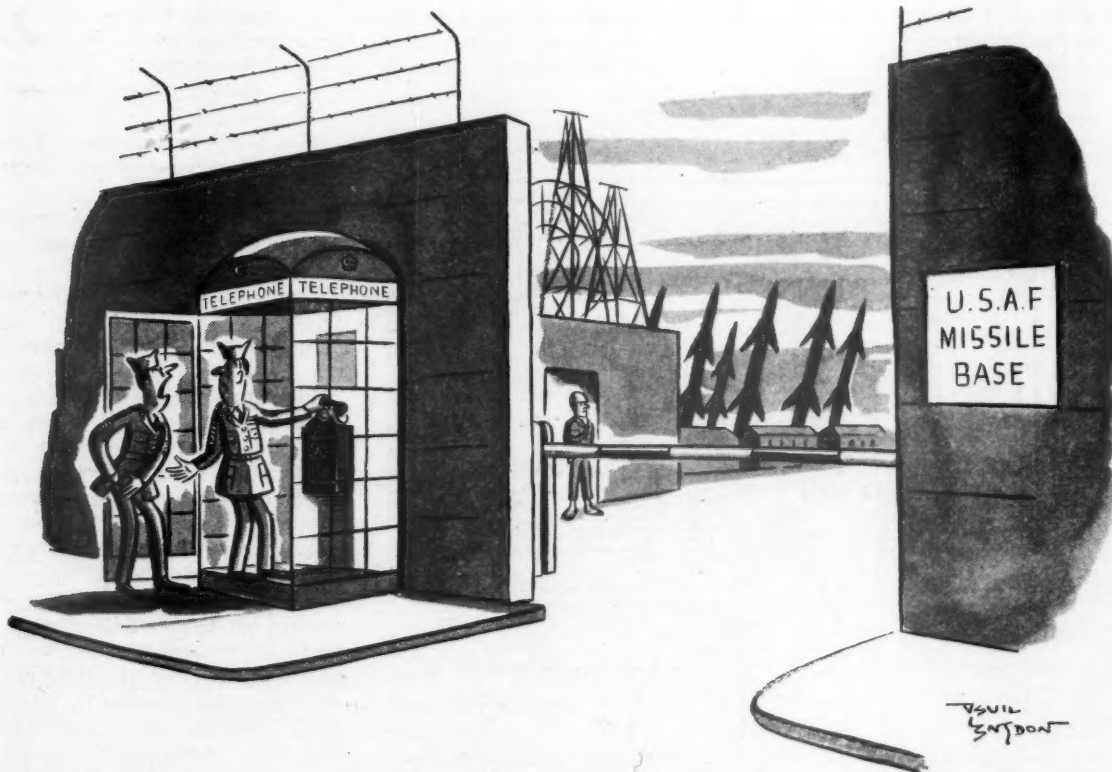
By ALEX ATKINSON

A PUBLIC-SPIRITED reader has written to a Sunday newspaper, as public-spirited readers periodically will, suggesting that a poll should be taken to determine the ten most beautiful women in the world. Her own choice would consist of Ex-Queen Soraya, Princess Alexandra, Lady Norwich, Lady Dalkieth, Moira Shearer, Bettina, Rosanna Podesta, France Nuyen, Suzy Parker and Sophia Loren. This strikes me as a good, womanlike, representative list, drawn from several walks of life without fear or favour; and although I have never

been close enough to any of these ladies to form a really firm opinion about their beauty (let alone make any finicking calculations about the length of their noses, the distance between their eyes, the depth of their complexions or the number and disposition of their teeth), to judge from the photographs which illustrate the letter I'm bound to say they seem a bonny enough bunch on the whole, if smudgy, and I see no reason why they shouldn't be nominated as candidates if they are prepared to go through with the gruelling business of continental whistle-stop campaign tours,

primaries in Fiji and Luxembourg, lobbying, hand-outs, TV appeals, fights between rival mass meetings in Trafalgar Square or the Piazza San Marco, and door-to-door canvassing from Port Said to Montevideo.

As a matter of fact, though, I happen to know that the whole thing is quite unnecessary. Mind you, I have nothing against polls as such. Did I not myself conduct the World's Six Most Thoughtful Unmarried Female Harness-Makers Poll, and was I not an honorary assistant vote-counter in the World's Twelve Most Round-Shouldered Men



"But you're ALWAYS pressing the wrong button."

Poll? Have I not personally, at the very last minute, been twice disqualified on a technicality in the World's Five Teenagers Most Likely to Succeed Poll for being over forty? No, I am all for polls and elections, if only because without them I don't see how we can ever hope to answer the few remaining questions that baffle and perplex mankind.

*Which human being has the Brownest Hair?*

*Who is the Tallest Genuine Woman?  
Where are the Hundred Most Cuddly Grandpas?*

*The Two Most Repulsive Spaniels?*

All these mysteries (and four more besides) must be answered sooner or later if we are to survive; and they can only be satisfactorily settled by means of polls, plebiscites, referendums or elections, like everything else.

But the ten most beautiful women fall into a different category altogether. If there are still people who can't get a wink of sleep because the names of a million eligible women keep tumbling through their heads night after night, I beg them here and now to turn off the

light and start worrying about something else, because the plain fact of the matter is that the ten most beautiful women in the world *are already known*, and have been for a number of years. I never really saw the point of hushing up their names in the first place, and if only in order to save that Sunday paper

a lot of unnecessary trouble I now propose to have them printed here, in italics, and damn the consequences. They are as follows:—

*Karen Hvayarsgaard*—fisherman's daughter, Esbjerg.

*Galina Oltanevka*—linoleum designer, Dnepropetrovsk.

*Mrs. R. den Ollden*—housewife, Hilversum.

*Gliu Balat*—undergraduate, Saigon.

*Haki Furaka*—shorthand typist, Yokohama.

*Maud Filch*—unemployed, Brisbane.

*Mrs. B. Szayenge*—housewife, Budapest.

*Esther Ambajuna*—migratory worker, Accra.

*Mercedes el Hamman*—entertainer, Luxor.

I have not put them in any particular order, and I'm afraid I'm not in a position to say who picked them, but I assure you his guess is as good as yours. If you don't happen to be acquainted with any of them that's just your bad luck. After all, the world's quite a big place these days. You will notice, too, that I have actually mentioned only *nine* women, but I don't think that should cause you a moment's trouble. You know perfectly well who the tenth is, don't you?

☆

"MONSARRAT NICHOLAS. The Tribe that Lost its Head (spine worn), 4/6d."  
Fiction catalogue

No excuse at all.

## Ape and Ocean

THIS is the way the human race began,  
Professor Hardy says—too many rude  
Forefathers chasing far too little food  
Until one hungry, crowded, simian clan  
Took to the water. As the ages ran  
It lost its fur; became extremely good  
At swimming; buoyed by shallow water, stood;  
Acquired a taste for oysters; and was Man.

The ocean made us human. That is why  
You have a subcutaneous layer of fat,  
Need to wear clothes, but do not need a hat.  
So think of Hardy's Ape when next you lie,  
Drowsy with summer, caked with salt and sand,  
Where the ancestral sea fondles the land.

— PETER DICKINSON





## In All Directions

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

**R**EADERS who have been giving their oil-heater instructions another quick glance, and wondering whether the bit that sticks out is the wick ratchet gallery assembly or merely one of the flanged casing slots, may feel, not for the first time, that manufacturers' attempts to put the consumer in the picture are pretty haphazard. This is not so. The following notes have been kindly supplied by the Director of Studies, Institute of Operating-Instruction Pamphlet-Writers, and show that the whole matter is in conscientious hands:

**Nomenclature.**—It is no easy matter to hit on suitable names for, say, the thirty-eight components of an electric floor-polisher, and students are encouraged to spare no pains to be explicit. "Remove the cord storage hatch rearwards from the aligned handle stub before depressing the upper support stay (Fig. 4)" might seem a model instruction, intelligible to the least scientific mind. Yet shortly after this passage went out in the pamphlet for a well-known polisher retailers were besieged all over the country by distraught housewives wheeling perambulators full of components and demanding their money back. In another case the makers of a slow-burning kitchen stove had to cease production because the knurled manual hopper-agitator was

being widely mistaken for the tapping-flue operating arm, and customers were getting loads of hot coals on the linoleum.

Free use of arrows and diagrams is recommended, even when the arrow labelled "Rotate anti-clockwise until sharp click is heard" points to something out of sight at the back.

**Economy of Words.**—Despite pressure from manufacturers, students are advised to omit fine language, puffs for the product, or any form of cosy get-togetherness. A man sitting in a sea of nuts, holding most of a record-player under his chin, isn't interested in paragraphs beginning "To ensure the matchless, mellow tones of the Blisso-phone De Luxe Model CX (3mk.) Auto-Change . . ." Nor does he want to know how many man-hours were put in by the Research men in the Design Laboratory. He simply wants to get the damned thing playing.

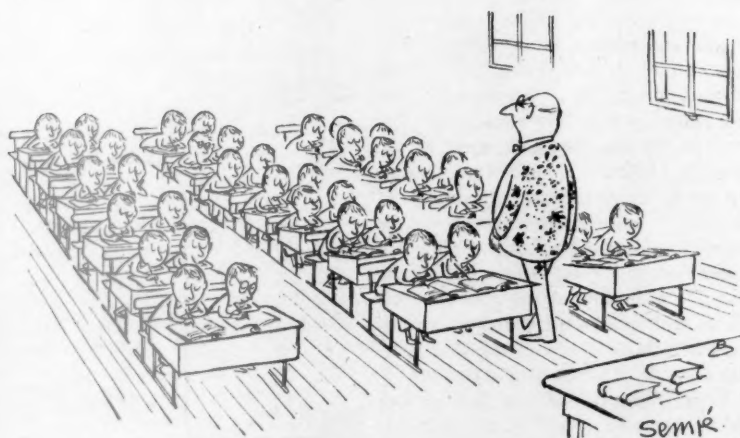
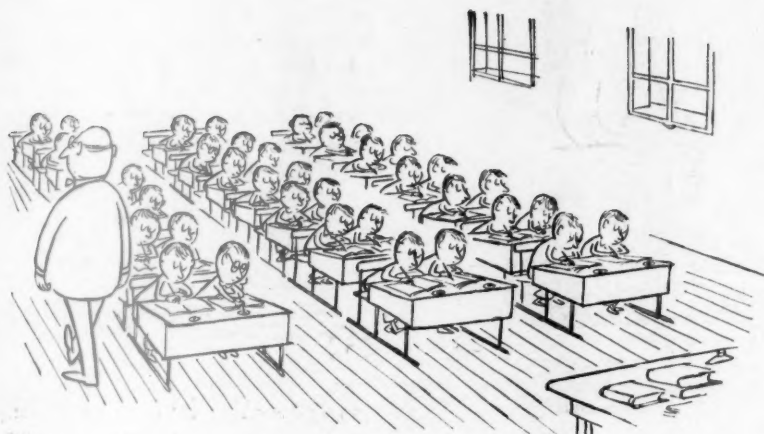
"You" and "Your" should not be applied to the product. Constant repetition of "Your Whizard Whonder Iron," with coy status-symbol overtones, only makes the consumer wish it was somebody else's in the end, particularly if it runs right through to "Your Whizard Whonder Iron is now ready for use" when it still palpably isn't.

**Collaboration with Printers.**—This



#Wiles.





chiefly concerns type-sizes, and especially in the field of illumination devices, which are likely to be assembled or repaired by the light of fading torches or waning cigarette-lighters, and probably up a rickety step-ladder. Instruction-writers should make friends with their printers; a kindly word will often pay dividends in bigger and blacker block capitals, enabling the customer to distinguish "Transit Screw Adjuster Bolt" from "Baseplate Clip Retainer Catch" and perhaps even find one of them.

*Cleaning Directions.*—These should be kept as brief as possible. Too many references to damp rags, fine wires, rubber mops, caustic solutions, abrasive powders and soft clean cloths may throw the simple housewife into confusion and despondency. By the time she's got to the third successive paragraph beginning "On no account . . ." she doesn't know whether she's supposed to scour the rimmed filter gauge with a stiff brush to dislodge clinker, or soak the offset shoulder spindle assembly in warm soapy water to remove carbonized grease. It should be remembered, moreover, that some consumers like to read the directions in the shop, and statistics show that 38 per cent of potential customers coming across the phrase "Remove the radiant panel fret plinth and carefully lift out the convex hook-primer mechanism, thus giving access for cleansing purposes to the pledget-assembly rollers," decide to make do with their old cooker after all. Two words will cover all this. "Clean Regularly." In cases of explosion these will provide the manufacturer with full legal cover.

*Practical Tests for I.O.I.P.W. Students.*—At the end of their Institute course students undergo a practical assembly, repair (including re-wicking) and cleaning test, in which winning instructions in the written examination are used on specimen products. Last term's practical tests, though largely successful, resulted in several interesting fiascos:

After cleaning and reassembling a washing-machine the student found that the wringer was concealed inside under the milled bottom tray. It was never recovered.

Removing clinker from a smokeless fuel room heater, the student got his arm wedged in the throat-restrictor and had to be freed by firemen.

Dismantling a cooker hotplate unit a lady student read the instruction "Ensure that the spider is correctly seated" and fainted.

Though carefully following the directions for erecting a prefabricated shed, a team of three students finished with the windows in the floor and twenty-eight spare nuts and bolts.

Official note was taken of all these points, and the relative pamphlets closely revised. A further report is expected as soon as the Director of Studies can get his "AutoSec" Filing Cabinet open. Its self-locking mechanism seems to have jammed at the moment, and unfortunately the instructions for use have been left inside.



"All right, I promise I won't transfer you, not even for a hundred million billion pounds."

## Ballad

WHAT is that going by the house, mother?

The wind is wild and the darkness deep.  
Oh whist, my darling, it is only the Walkers,  
Turn your face to the wall and sleep.  
Oh what is that crying in the night, mother,  
As it might be a whaup wailing on the wind?  
It is only the whining of the gears, darling,  
Of them that follow behind.

But mother, mother, was it ever thus,  
And will it be thus to the end of days?  
Ever, my child, as the season comes  
The Walkers walk the windy ways.  
Or ever the leaf be on the tree  
Or the young year be well begun,  
The Walkers go from the north to the south,  
As the birds follow the sun.

And will they never come back, mother?  
Long is the way and sore the pain,  
And will they never in the warm south  
Turn and head for the north again?  
None knows well of their return, darling,  
Though wives gossip and old men talk,  
But however the Walkers come to the north,  
They certainly do not walk.

Oh long, long is the land they travel,  
And hard, hard are the ways they wend,  
And sore, sore are their swollen ankles  
Ere ever they come to the land's end.  
Strange and savage are the gods they worship  
And very sorrowful the walking game.  
Turn your face to the wall, darling,  
And I will do the same.

— CELIA HOLLAND

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## May 6

ON the very day—last Wednesday—that the date of the Royal wedding was announced the *Daily Mirror* launched a new financial strip cartoon called "Keeping Up With the Joneses." Nice work, *Mirror*. Now, faint but pursuing, we invite some other correspondents to comment on prospects for the Great Day.

### WILL IT RAIN OR SHINE?

Our Meteorological man plumps solidly for "a scorcher." "May 6," he explains, "is traditionally, almost obsequiously, fine. Only twice in the present century has May 6 been bitterly cold, and the average snow cover since 1837, when weather records for Westminster were first kept by the League of Friends of Gustav Bulah, is less than one-tenth of an inch. It will be a day for sunburn lotion, smoked handbag mirrors and lots and lots of cooling cucumber, but take your mac, just in case. And beware of pickpockets."

### DOES IT MEAN GOOD LUCK?

Our Astrological Expert, "Stardust," writes: "May 6 could not be better for Nuptials or TV." Taurus (April 20 to May 20) is the governing stellar factor and allowing for Summertime and increased static should guarantee a full twenty-four hours of good luck on the sixth day of the fifth month. For procession-viewers, however, the day is not one to approach without caution.

Avoid road travel under your own guidance late in the day.

Beware of pickpockets.

### WHAT ABOUT FINANCE?

Our City Expert reports that May 6 is an excellent date for mergers. "The Budget will be over and done with, and the markets should be picking up again. Electricals will boom between now and May 5. Watch Pye, H.M.V., Decca, etc., and of course TVRentals. But buy *shrewdly* and beware of pickpockets."

### WHAT TO WEAR?

"Cast not a clout . . ." True, still, true," says our Fashion Expert, "even in this daringly sophisticated age. We don't want to spoil other people's fun, do we, with our running noses and deceitful chatter about hay-fever. Wear something *sensible*, preferably without pockets." — BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



"Some people have the sense to keep a note when friends borrow books."

## MEN & BOOKS



"Sorry, but I can't give you £100 advance merely on the basis that every man has a book in him."

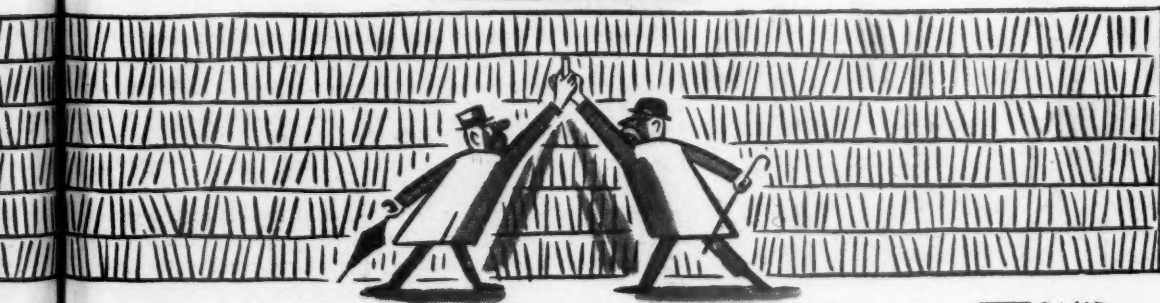


"Don't fuss, dear. A library of paper-backs isn't unfashionable these days."

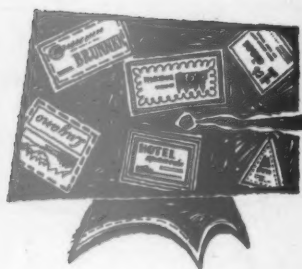




SILENCE



# Have B.A.— Will Travel



Further jottings from  
the Diaries of A. J. WENTWORTH  
as recorded by H. F. Ellis

## 5. In Foreign Parts

THE snow-capped peaks tower upwards and the lake shimmers in the bright sunlight. Had I the pen of a Ruskin I dare say I could describe the scene with more vividness, though of course there is less need for that kind of thing now that so many people travel abroad. After all, when one has seen a thing for oneself one does not much want to hear what somebody else thought about it—a point that modern writers often forget. One has one's snapshots, and so on, if memory proves treacherous, whereas in Ruskin's time I suppose even picture postcards were a rarity.

Still, it is certainly very pretty here on Lake Lucerne—on Vierwaldstattersee, as it is rather cumbrously called on the map (*Touristenkarte!*) provided free by the hotel—and I cannot help congratulating myself on my wisdom in advertising for temporary employment in *The Times*. There goes the steamer for Vitznau, a typically foreign contraption, absurdly broad in the beam for such calm waters, though it all adds to the fun in a way. We shall be aboard her in a day or two, I expect, when the boys have had a proper rest after the long journey. "Take them about a bit and show them things,"

Mr. Bennett said to me at our last interview, and I feel sure that a trip round the lake would be in accordance with his wishes. Lucerne itself we must certainly see. Then there is the ascent of the Rigi, whence the views, so the hall porter tells me, are very fine. It will be best, I think, to draw up some kind of programme after lunch.

We have already been up one mountain, as a matter of fact, rather unexpectedly. Up to a point, that is. A man of my experience does not take a couple of boys all the way up a mountain by accident, I need hardly say. What happened was that on our way by train to Brunnen, where we are staying, from Zurich whither we had flown by the night 'plane, I distinctly heard a woman say that this was a Schnellzug (she was speaking in German, of course) and did not stop at Brunnen. As the train was then standing at Schwyz, which I luckily—or perhaps unluckily, as it turned out—knew to be the last stop before Brunnen, the last station that is to say, I bundled the boys out with our luggage in double-quick time, only to find from a most helpful official that the train which had now left did in fact stop at Brunnen and that the next one on would leave in an hour and a half. This was rather a facer, as we had not yet breakfasted, but the official suggested that we take a tram instead, from just outside the station, which we very soon did. I thought it best not to explain our little slip-up to the boys, as William was getting fretful and even his elder brother Geoffrey looked rather pale. Boys are happier, especially far from home, when they feel that everything is going smoothly, and a little harmless deception is often justified, in their own interests.

It was for this reason that, when the tram after a short run reached the centre of Schwyz and everyone alighted, I concealed my annoyance at having been misdirected and, with a cheerful "Only one more change now," simply got out and followed the rest into a waiting bus. Soon we were bowling along a delightful valley and though, had I been in my own country and a little less tired, I suppose I should have made more careful inquiries, I had no hint of trouble until a conductor came along flourishing his clippers and I demanded "Drei nach Brunnen," with a wave of my hand at the two boys. The conductor shook his head and said "Stoos," of which I could make neither head nor tail, so I simply handed



"Let's go to Russia before it gets spoilt."

him some money which unfortunately turned out to be Italian. How it came to be in my right-hand trouser pocket I cannot think. It is my custom when travelling abroad to make a very careful distribution of money, documents and other valuables, to ensure that each is handy as and when required. Thus on the present occasion I had our passports safely in my inside breast pocket with the return air tickets pinned to the inner back cover. Travellers' cheques, as always, were in my left-hand hip pocket, which buttons, Swiss notes in my outside breast pocket secured with a safety-pin, and so on. Any English change I tie up in a handkerchief as soon as the frontier is crossed and keep for the time being in my left-hand trouser pocket. The small amount of Italian money I had brought with me in case we were able to make an excursion through the St. Gotthard tunnel should have been in my top right-hand waistcoat pocket, and I got the shock of my life when, in trying to explain all this to the conductor (with the aid of gestures, for he seemed a slow-witted sort of man)

I put my fingers into the pocket in question and pulled out our return train tickets to Zurich! These should by rights have been in the front fob pocket of my trousers, but I soon gave up the attempt to make this point clear to the conductor, for after a brief glance at them he became so verbose and unintelligible that I had difficulty in keeping calm. Geoffrey began to ask what was the matter, and to gain time I blew my nose without proper forethought and instantly scattered a considerable quantity of small change about the bus.

Everybody was most helpful in hunting about under the seats, etc., for the coins, which to my astonishment proved to be Swiss.

"Then where is my English money?" I cried involuntarily as soon as I saw that the money they were handing to me was in francs. This started a fresh search among a number of the passengers who seemed to understand English, until I asked them not to trouble. "It will turn up, no doubt," I said. "I must have put it somewhere else."



*"I wonder when he will learn that mobility is no substitute for diplomacy."*



"Perhaps it's up the other nostril," I heard young William say in a whisper to his brother, but I was unable to reprimand him at once for the impertinence as an English lady just in front of me was asking whether she could be of any help.

"I thought I heard you asking for Brunnen," she said. "This bus goes to Schattli, for the cable railway up to Stoos, you know."

"I see," I said. "Yes. And from there to Brunnen?"

"Well, you have to come back again to Schwyz, of course, and then there's a tram. But you might as well come right up to Stoos while you are about it. It's lovely up there."

So that is what we did. The boys seemed to think it was rather a long way round to Brunnen, but they enjoyed the cable railway and became much more lively when we found breakfast being served in a fine hotel up on the top. The lady, a Mrs. Fitch who is staying at Brunnen apparently, was very kind, drawing our attention to Lake Lucerne away below to our left and pointing out a number of the surrounding heights. She is a most friendly person, in the prime of life, and seemed to be as relieved as I was when I finally found my English small change while taking my tobacco pouch from my right-hand hip-pocket. "You shower money from every quarter, Mr. Wentworth," she said gaily.

All that, however, is by the way. Here we are safely in our hotel, with the boys resting in their room on my instructions and I myself lazily watching the steamer grow smaller in the distance. It was a fortunate chance that Mr. Bennett noticed my advertisement, and fortunate for me too that he had found himself unable, at the last moment, to accompany his two sons on their holiday abroad and so was obliged to look about for a trustworthy companion and squire

for the lads. We very soon came to terms, and I must say that he has been most generous in his provision for the jaunt. It is quite a new experience for me to have another man's money in my pockets to spend (which reminds me that I really must get my small change and so on resorted and properly disposed or goodness knows what I shall be finding in my waistcoat next. Piastres, eh? Or a return ticket to Baker Street!). But I dare say I shall quickly get used to it.

Of course it is a responsibility. But then, as I told Mr. Bennett when he asked me whether I was used to taking charge—this was at our first meeting, to be fair, before he had had a chance to sum me up—I have taken parties of up to a dozen boys abroad in my time and not a broken leg between them. He looked a little dubious at this recommendation for a moment, but his brow cleared when I explained that I was referring to winter sports holidays. "I see," he said. "Yes. I was not thinking of any physical danger so much. Geoffrey is a steady, sensible boy as a rule, but William—the younger boy, you know—is apt to run a little wild at times. I suppose you—"

"Oh, that!" I said, laughing. "You may set your mind at rest on that score." It was really too funny to think that I might be alarmed at the prospect of keeping two youngsters of eleven and thirteen in order. "Why I have had fifteen of them at me at once before now," I began, recollecting an occasion at Burgrove when the electric light failed—but realizing that he was probably too busy a man to want to listen to stories of an assistant master's early days, I left it at that. In any case, by the day after to-morrow at latest he should have my postcard announcing our arrival after an uneventful journey, and his mind will be at rest.

News of our little diversion up the Stooshorn has somehow got round the hotel, and there has been some flattering comment on our energy in tackling a mountain before breakfast on our way out from England. "Been up the Rigi yet, Mr. Wentworth?" somebody called out as we made our way in to lunch, and a party of young Dutchmen began to sing "There'll always be an England," *sotto voce*. I took it in good part, as one should on a holiday, but when I pulled out my handkerchief during the second course and some total strangers pretended to hunt about under their table I thought the joke had gone far off and spoke pretty sharply to young William for giggling. It is the first time he has heard the rough side of my tongue, and I think it surprised him.

It looks as though somebody has been making a story out of what was, after all, a very trivial mishap in the bus. I confess that I glanced momentarily at Mrs. Fitch (who sits alone, I noticed), but meeting her wide-eyed and friendly smile dismissed the thought as unworthy.

Next Week:

A Trip Up the Rigi

☆

Bogged Down?

"Moving the Third Reading, Mr. Hare said he was setting up a working party 'to consider and report on the methods and forms of association between horticultural co-operative marketing societies and their members. And whether these might be modified to give the societies more stability and continuity in their supplies of produce.' Mr. Godber, Parliamentary Secretary, would be chairman of the working party which was expected to have its first meeting in mid-March."—Daily Telegraph





## Wanted on the Voyage

By TOM GIRTIN

"ESCAPE with the Sun," cry the siren voices. Once again I am sucked beneath the undertow of a giant wave of cruise advertisements—for French Quebec, America, Honolulu, the Canaries, Ghana, Morocco. Mine eyes dazzle with migraine but one thing stands out a mile: more than ever shall I need my well-thumbed copy of *Watkins' Universal Shipping Code* (Wright and Potter Printing Co., Boston, Mass., 1900, 900 pp. £4 or 20 dollars), for almost every aspect of normal cruising experience is anticipated for me here in 65,000 code words—all, as the publishers claim with proper pride, "genuine words." From my first premonitory low cry, cabled to friends in Magical Malta as we cast off, of PESTILENT ("Our ship is bound to your port and will probably have some trouble; please look after our interests as far as claims are concerned and employ legal aid if necessary") the code carries me through to my final indignant SEPERATIVE, dispatched just before we berth again at Tilbury ("The Captain insists on gratuity").

Some of these words are not in the best of taste in the context of their translation. I should have thought, for instance, that even allowing for the more liberal attitude in the United States towards the law of libel it was asking for trouble to list PEDERAST as the code-word for "Consign the ship to Chas. H. Wells of San Francisco."

Very properly many of the words are devoted to the affairs of the Captain. A happy ship is a good ship: "Not many of the crew are sick" (WISENESS) and there is "No quarantine" (PUNCH). Long may it remain so but I am prepared for the worst. I must signal WIGGLE ("The Captain wants his wife to join him") to the owners before it is too late. From previous experience I know that the influence of a good woman is needed if I am to be spared the necessity of sending TOMCAT ("The Captain's draft has been dishonoured: arrange at once and wire reply") or even WIDOW ("Captain has been drunk most of the time since arrival and we should advise you not to let him proceed in the ship.") For the record, the comparative WIDOWER, which might reasonably be expected to mean that the Captain has been drunk *all* the time, merely means that he is dead and WHOPPER that he has been buried at sea.

I suppose it would be considered chauvinistic to complain that not all the 65,000 words are English: the compiler has been truly cosmopolitan and although, as far as I am concerned, the origins of a word like IVICAN are as obscure as its uses are varied ("She continues tight") there are many suitable French words to describe the thrills aplenty that await me on the Holiday that has Everything. PROGRESSER ("— [insert name applicable]

murdered one of the crew on the voyage") or PROHIBER ("— murdered two of the crew on the voyage") or, even, PREVOYANT ("one of the crew murdered two others") provide convenient ways of communicating the little daily tit-bits of gossip to my envious shore-bound friends without exceeding the limit of five words which enables me to send my postcard view of the English Cemetery at Gibraltar at the cheap rate.

"To study the code is to study economy," claim the publishers, and they add more in disbelief than in anger "Some, before seeing and knowing the size and merit of the work, have intimated that the price was too high. But all who have the Code in use confess that the original cost is very insignificant to the vast saving resulting from its use. Considering its merit, size and the large outlay expended on its compilation, publication and advertisement, the price is fully justified and moderate." No fewer than fourteen pages of delighted testimonials agree with this sentiment although, significantly, there come no words of approval from Chas. H. Wells of San Francisco or, for that matter, from the I. T. Nickels Co. who have been allotted the code-word RECTUM.

There is no satisfying some people and I have even heard it objected that to communicate in code is to rob the English tongue of those delicate nuances that have made it the envy and despair

of the lesser breeds at whose quaint ports, bustling with picturesque life, we shall call and whose sun-gold beaches invite me to laze until the evening throb of guitars calls me to the flamenco. Such malcontents deliberately overlook the subtle variations of emphasis that exist, for example, between NEOCORE ("Was the Captain lost?") and its companion piece NEOTERIQUE ("Was the Captain saved?")

Moreover the inventor occasionally achieves a marriage of code-word and translation that is particularly apt. What could be more evocative of the spirit of *mañana* than SENSUAL ("She is detained waiting for cargo from the interior. There is a snow-blockade on the railways and delay cannot be avoided.") PRINCIPE, too, is a happy choice to describe nautical scruples ("Some of the crew refuse to proceed in

the ship because she is below Primsol [*sic*] mark and have referred the matter to the consul who sustains their objection.") Soon, no doubt, it will be necessary to send one's friends the warning NAVIGUER ("The crew are completely demoralized") followed by the electrifying NARCISSE or "Mutiny aboard!" If this is what democracy leads us to it might be better to go by air. "Think of it!" East African Airways command me, "You can see colourful African tribes going about their daily life completely untouched by civilization." It certainly makes you think. And now that my wife, in a moment of terseness, has snarled "ZANCA!" at me ("Not wanted at home") I am inclined to accept E.A.A.'s invitation to escape "to a different, less troubled, world." Blantyre, here I—and Watkins with me—come.



"Wait! That isn't the whole story!"

#### Clause IV

### Chapter and Verse

*Mr. George Brown, Labour M.P., has described Clause Four in the Labour Constitution, which enshrines the doctrine of nationalization, as "old testament" which should not be a barrier to writing a new testament. It's all there, in the real Old Testament; it only wants putting together.*

**M**OREOVER the profit of the earth is for all; the king himself is served by the field. There is a grievous evil which I have seen under the sun, namely, riches kept by the owner thereof to his hurt: and those riches perish by evil adventure.

What profit hath he that worketh in that wherein he laboureth? Then I saw all labour and every skilful work, that for this a man is envied of his neighbour. This also is vanity and striving after wind.

The rich man is wise in his own conceit; but the poor that hath understanding searcheth him out. Much food is in the tillage of the poor, but there is that is destroyed by reason of injustice.

They that trust in their wealth and boast themselves in the multitude of their riches, they call their lands after their own names. Woe to him that increaseth that which is not his! Howl, for all the merchant people are cut down; all they that bear silver are cut off.

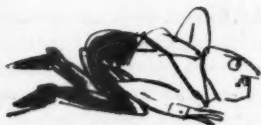
Hear this, O ye that swallow up the needy, even to make the poor of the land fail, saying: "When will the new moon be gone, that we may sell corn?" and the sabbath, that we may get forth wheat?" making the ephah small and the shekel great, and falsifying the balances by deceit.

Go up to the high priest, that he may sum the silver which the keepers of the door have gathered of the people, and let them deliver it into the hand of the doers of the work.

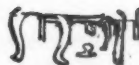
For I will work a work in four days, which ye will not believe, though it be told you.

— ECCLESIASTES, PROVERBS, PSALMS, HABAKKUK, ZEPHANIAH, AMOS, KINGS





## In the City



## In the Doldrums

THE contrast between the behaviour of the stock markets and the underlying economic facts is becoming curiouse and curiouse. The industrial heart of Britain is beating strong and steady. Steel is pouring from British furnaces at a rate of twenty-five million tons a year, a figure never before achieved. The production of plastics is one-fifth greater than it was a year ago. Motor-cars and lorries are still shipped abroad in record numbers. Hardly a day passes without the declaration of increased profits and dividends by important companies.

Yet in the face of this cheerful news, down go the shares. Since the beginning of this year the *Financial Times* index of industrial ordinary shares has fallen by nearly ten per cent. Many small investors who have had their first baptism of fire, either as direct holders of equities or through unit trusts, are feeling somewhat bedraggled. They should also be much wiser, for they have learned the invaluable lesson that ordinary shares as well as gilt-edged securities can go down as well as up.

One explanation is that the 1959 boom had been overdone and had discounted the future in unduly glowing terms. The time had come for the "corrective reaction" which is now taking place. There is more to it than that. Financial markets are expected to sense the future course of business so that the recent behaviour in the two streets, Throgmorton and Wall, may seem to carry implications of a setback in production and trade.

Of such a setback there is no sign at the moment, whether in Britain or the United States. In this country all that threatens is some reduction in the recent exceptional rate of expansion. The measures taken to check bank lending may be followed by other sedatives. That, however, is no cause for alarm, but rather for reassurance that the Government has learned the lessons of earlier crises and is at last acting in good time. The brake is being applied gently before the economy gets out of control. This, incidentally, is the only way to restore health to the gilt-edged market. If there is confidence in the ability and determination of the Government to maintain the value of the currency, gilt-edged stocks

can be left to look after themselves. For investors in ordinary shares it is the long-term prospect of finance, trade and industry that matters. In all three the outlook is satisfactory. An illustration of the dynamic qualities that British banks bring to their international business is provided by the Bank of London and South America which recently published the results of its activities during the past year. More than any other enterprise it is helping to carry back the British flag to Latin America where once it flew in proud commercial supremacy.

For trade, look at the P. & O. shipping group which has emerged with dividend unscathed from one of the

deepest recessions the shipping industry has had to endure. The chairman elect, Sir Donald Anderson, said last week that the unhappy state of oversupply of tramp tonnage is likely to last for some time. None the less, a repetition of the 11% dividend is indicated this year.

In industry there is a continuing healthy ferment of amalgamations and take-overs. One of the most intriguing has been the keenly contested and disputed merger between Fisons and British Drug Houses, a battle in which the latter's "oral contraceptive" project has been used as a successful argument of debate. Fertilizers and contraceptives would not have made such odd bedfellows as at first sight appears. More food and fewer babies may yet banish the ghost of Dr. Malthus from the countries of Asia where it now stalks and threatens. Though Fisons have now allowed their bid for B.D.H. to lapse it was good fun while it lasted. — LOMBARD LANE

## In the Country



## Too Many Books . . .

AROUND now I am refreshing my memory from my library of textbooks on golf, and wondering rather desperately what will go wrong with my game this year. What I am looking for is something, even sympathy, in these cold, calculating essays that will give me long-needed help in what I suffer from most, and from which Cotton, Snead, Hogan & Co. don't seem to suffer at all—temperament and temper, where to place one's legs when playing downwards from the side of a hill; and steering the ball through thick trees.

There's Cotton, now. He suggests\* that to hang from any given door lintel by the finger tips will rid one of "crouch." I've no doubt at all that he's right; but this is good advice for those only who have lately found themselves crouching on the first tee, not for those (like me) who have been crouching for years; who have found that the only way they can hit the ball at all is by crouching at it.

Snead is very helpful—if one is built like Snead. My own build or physique is adequate for my wage-earning capacity, but if I obey him on how many knuckles my grip should show for, say, the brassie, I find that I hold the club

\* *My Golfing Album*, by T. H. Cotton.

like a wand (3 knuckles), or like a spade (5 knuckles), or even I have known the club to fly from my hands (showing no knuckles).

My besetting sin last season was that I could drive quite well by allowing my eyes to travel once up and down the shaft of the club before hitting (*sic*) the ball. This was an idiosyncrasy I was not particularly proud of, but it was one which could be easily concealed from opponents or partners since there was no noticeable movement of my head. Hogan would frown on this; he would tell me (with diagrams and charts) that I should fix my gaze *on the ball* when addressing it, that I should adopt a stance with my feet eighteen inches apart, keep the club-face open, etc. He just doesn't understand . . .

Whatever goes wrong with me this year, it will be incurable. It won't be shanking, or socketing, forcing or even crouching. These things are quite easy to get rid of by reading the Masters on the various subjects. No. It will be something that is my own private handicap . . .

Of course, I shall continue to buy those textbooks on the chance that some day Cotton, Snead & Co. will realize that the great attraction of golf is that it's practically impossible to play properly. — FERGUSSON MACLAY

## Cons., Ancient or Mod.?

IF you happen to have set up house during or just after the last war you will know what I am talking about—so please read on. If not, this will all be incomprehensible to you; in that case, just P.T.O.

After three itinerant years of a war-time marriage we started our post-war ménage with one small child, another on the way, a modest job for our wage-earner, a small unfurnished flat, emaciated financial reserves, two single mattresses and some kindly relatives. The climate for domestic furnishing was a grey, dull one—overhung with clouds of rationing, shortages, lack of choice and uniform designs.

Our relatives acted then as, no doubt, you or I would act now in similar circumstances: they handed on to us the furniture they least liked themselves. And that is how our singular double bed evolved. We started with two donated single beds, one long and narrow and the other short and broad. As we felt we hadn't survived the rigours of war-time separation in order to sleep apart, we lashed the legs of the beds together with wire and laid our two mattresses on top.

This worked except when the mattresses edged apart with use and one or other of us slid down into the resulting ravine. So one evening my husband laboriously stitched those mattresses together (he used one hundred and sixty-six inches of best twine and a curved upholstery needle) while I made a double-bed cover to keep everything externally under control. Once, we actually got to the point of buying a proper double bed, but as it would neither go up the narrow staircase nor in at the old-fashioned window we had to sell it back to the shop.

Then there is our gas stove. I can't even remember who gave this to us. It is very old but, unfortunately, not old enough to be venerably roomy. On the contrary, it has a delicate, finicky

outward appearance that does not, alas, belie its interior. But after cooking enormous meals on (and in) it for so long, I dare not change it in case my hand might lose its cunning. Also it is a very gay cooker because we repaint it every time we repaint our kitchen. In its time it has been red and yellow and blue; at the moment it shows all three colours where the paint has chipped off.



### FOR WOMEN

If we ever got rid of it I'm afraid that the gas-men would disapprove. They take an old-fashioned pride in it and say, as they pat its elegant sides approvingly, "Quality stuff used in this one, ma'am: you wouldn't get its like for love nor money nowadays." So I have become

quite resigned to being unable ever to cook a Christmas turkey for my family. Anyway, chickens are cheaper.

Of course that great wardrobe was a real problem. We were extremely grateful when this was handed on to us as its roominess amply compensated for its blank ugliness. Like the famous bought bed it was too big to go up the stairs or in through a window, so my husband, with the bold optimism of youth, calmly sawed it into two halves.

We edged these parts up the stairs into our bedroom, where he reunited them. Of course it's never stood quite evenly since then, but by wedging one leg permanently its equilibrium is proof against all but the most violent treatment. If the door sticks and you jerk it sharply the whole edifice tends to sway a little. But it soon settles back again on to its legs and wedges.

I must admit to being slightly ashamed of the paper-bag box. This isn't just an ordinary box: it's really a solid old drawer, well made and originally elegant. I think we found it here when we first moved in, divorced from its parent chest and sibling drawers. As a war-time bride and housekeeper I obediently "salvaged" everything I could lay hands on and I stored used paper-bags, wrapping paper and unravelled string in this drawer. I did this until quite recently, when I suddenly revolted.

"In future," I told my startled family, "we will *buy* paper and bags and string—just as everyone else does nowadays." And I threw the box out for the dustmen to take away.

But it isn't so easy to break with your past. Quietly, and a shade reproachfully, my children salvaged the old drawer and now they keep it upstairs where they are patiently replenishing it with folded paper-bags and unravelled coils of string.

Yes, of course, we do occasionally buy new furniture and modern labour-savers, but to us they lack character and we find it hard to become really *fond* of them. — HILARY HAYWOOD

## Cry and Grow Fatter

"I THINK I shall go on a diet," I said. "You've got to take me with you," bellowed the Limpet, my third son. This turned out to be the only light relief in the whole exercise.

I had a theory about dieting. "Laugh and grow fat" is a well-proven adage, so it is not enough to subsist on the sort of diet that might satisfy an under-privileged rabbit; one will get better results by being thoroughly miserable too. True, giving up food is in itself rather a misery-making undertaking, but I decided to reinforce this by doing all the jobs I detest, wearing my least-

loved clothes, and forgoing both make-up and my weekly shampoo and set.

I began the first day by putting on the dress I bought originally to come out of the maternity home after my first baby. It fitted well enough then, and on three subsequent occasions, but allows rather lavishly for the wrong areas between whiles. For a moment I wondered if I really needed to go on with the diet, but I already felt so miserable that it seemed a pity to waste such a good start. I combed back my hair, polished up the high-light on my nose, and set to work.

Cleaning out cupboards, washing loose covers, darning socks and mending sheets all increased my gloom—and my hunger. To distract my attention while the rest of the family were finishing their tea I read all the small type on the packet of dieting rusks, and was surprised to find that one rusk rated only ninety calories. Arithmetic has never been my strongest point, but even at ninety calories a time I'm afraid three quarters of a packet of dieting rusks didn't help, although the sensation of being full up with cardboard certainly added to my gloom.

It was a week of acute frustration; everything I did seemed to turn to ounces. I volunteered to take around a collecting box, and instead of the usual rebuffs and evasions I found that nearly everyone looked sympathetically at my pale, naked face and pressed me to have cups of tea and chocolate biscuits. By the time I got home again I couldn't face even a dieting rusk. I weeded the vegetable patch, and the wind sharpened my already keen appetite to such a degree that I found myself finishing off the baby's minced liver and sieved apple. I tidied the boys' cupboards and unearthed their hoard of liquorice allsorts and fruit gums. I cleaned out the larder—well, what *does* one do with all those scraps which would only go mouldy on the plates otherwise? I discovered, when I was in the Polish delicatessen buying fatless ham, that I had saved 7s. 6d. on my hair-do, and promptly spent it on three gorgeous gingerbread men, heavily decorated with brightly-coloured icing sugar "for the children." That evening my tea consisted of three headless gingerbread men and a rusk and Marmite.

Towards the end of the week I noticed a strange thing about my maternal sack; suddenly it looked a lot nicer. It now fitted where it had previously hung, and was really quite becoming. With new buttons and another belt I could really wear it, instead of simply creeping inside it and wishing to die. I experimented with make-up, gave myself a colour rinse, and tried a new hair-style. I was so elated with the result that it really hardly seemed worth the effort of being miserable any more, so I baked a chocolate layer-cake for tea and ate three large slices.

— MARJORY JOHNSTONE

## Barbichou, or the Happy Hirsute

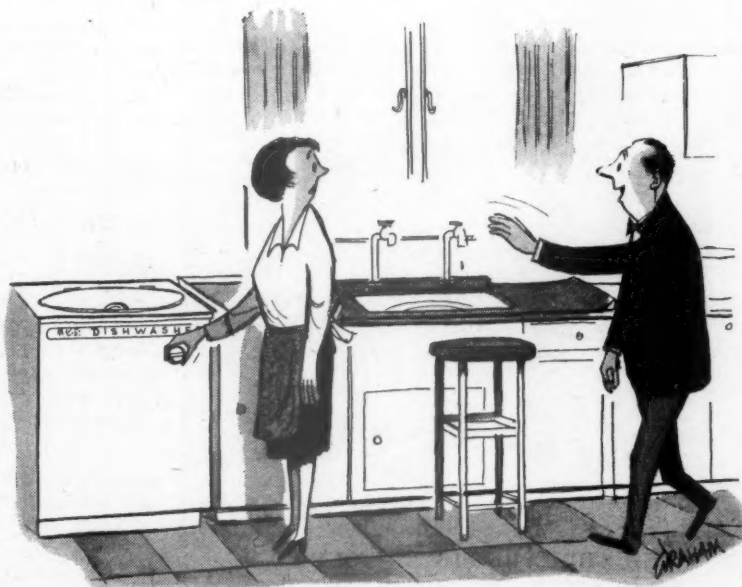
THREE or four times a year I am embraced on my own doorstep by a total stranger. It is not until I take account of a certain gnawed duffel-toggle, the *Perennial Philosophy* peeping from one pocket and a spare pair of socks out of another that I recognize flesh of my flesh—the undergraduate is home. Thus does chin topiary disguise a face we thought we knew bump by cranny.

We were introduced the first term to the Pre-Raphaelite—a spiritual thing though sparse, like grass seed sown on stony ground. As the hair strengthened, it darkened and waxed boldly to the Captain Ahab or Para Handy. There was enough of it to stroke at any rate. With some trepidation we awaited the Rajput or, if the gods willed it, the W. G. Grace; but to our relief with many a cute curve it was guided into the Sheik of Araby—the risibles nicely outlined, giving the mouth a provocative prominence. Strange how the hachures threw out unsuspected salients—a bony cheekbone, a big Roman nose,

and jawbones well angled. Above the nice parterre, the eyes were those left over from childhood, the brows wildly ungroomed like those English gardens wilfully grown by the French to contrast with their own lozenge-in-aspic variety.

It was about the third term that the tide of hair began to recede. The unlovely thin jaw-fringe (variety Post-Existentialist) put in an appearance and we held our tongues. This Christmas all that was a thing of the past. Startled we beheld the moustache that adorns Vercingetorix in my old history book. On the battleground of genes, the maternal Lombard strain had come out topdog. It was bright yellow. We had hatched a Viking. It worried the lad, I could see, with his rich mouse chevelure. He read Aunt Mary's column and took the hint from "How to darken the eyelashes," rubbing castor oil tenderly into the fronds. I am however taking no chances—I am keeping the mascara under lock and key.

— STELLA CORSO



"Here, let me do that."



# Toby Competitions

## No. 105—Origin of Species

**P**RIMITIVE man may once have lived in the sea, according to Sir Alister Hardy, Professor of Zoology at Oxford University. Suggest an alternative theory of evolution, backed by not more than 120 words of scientific argument.

A prize consisting of a framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up will receive a book token to the value of one guinea. Entries by first post on Friday, March 25, to TOBY COMPETITION No. 105, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

## Report on Competition No. 102

(Shoulder to Shoulder)

A marching song appropriate to Dr. Barbara Moore and other modern foot-sloggers was the subject. After eliminating from the large entry all those that failed to scan, the final selection was difficult. *Onward Christian Soldiers* was the most popular pattern, although many parodists, influenced by the mass march through Scotland, set their verses to Scottish tunes. The *Punch* original is awarded to

ANDREE SOMMERARD  
37 CHALKWELL PARK AVENUE  
ENFIELD, MIDDX.

## THEN AS NOW

Globe-trotting by heads of state appears to be no newer than Germany's desire to have bases abroad.



THE "IRREPRESSIBLE" TOURIST.

B-SM-RCK. "H'M!—HA!—WHERE SHALL I GO NEXT?"

August 29 1885

## HAPPY TRAMPER

There's something afoot in the Highlands,  
There's many a sleepless ear  
Cocked for the tramp of the Doctor  
Steadily drawing near.

She fasts and she goes much faster,  
What's more she may never grow old,  
Though making her Point  
She will jar every joint  
However crêpe-rubbered she's soled.

## Chorus

Never say die, Dr. Barbara,  
There's fruit juice around the bend,  
Just a few miles, Moore,  
Though your feet be sore  
Keep trudging along to Land's End.

Keep bashing the bitumen, Doctor,  
And in History you'll leave your stamp  
If not as the great dietician  
As "The Lady with the Tramp."

## Book tokens to:—

### (AFTER STEVENSON)

Give to me the life I choose  
Let the cars go by me,  
Give me jolly decent shoes  
And a place to dry me.  
Lifts I seek not, bite nor bed,  
Nothing to be found me—  
All I seek, the prize ahead  
And a crowd around me.

Let me get there soon or late,  
Let who can outwalk me;  
Give me fools who stand and wait  
And the Press to stalk me.  
Name in the headlines just to see,  
Chance to get in the paper—  
Here's the life for a man like me!  
Here's a fine old caper!

Let me drop out if I'm lame,  
Cannot make the distance;  
Give me then the right to claim  
National Assistance.  
Lifts I'll seek then, gladly take  
Every one and greet it—  
All I ask, to have my cake  
And, of course, to eat it

M. Tomkins, Little Rose Cottage, Sleep's Hyde, St. Albans, Hertfordshire

From Ultima Thule to Lyonesse  
Is near a thousand mile;  
And the genial shade of General Wade  
Escorts us over the roads he made,  
As we tramp in single file:  
And whether we march on a diet of starch  
From John o' Groats to Marble Arch,  
Or do it on roots and juices and fruits,  
In tallowd socks and army boots,  
All of us sing, as we tramp along,  
The stirring words of the Marchers' Song.

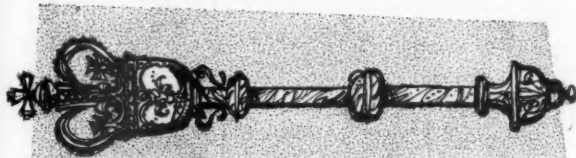
## Refrain

We dodged the Romans' chariots  
And out to Severn strode;  
We dodged the gentry's curricles  
That whipped us off the road:  
From limousine to bicycle,  
From coach to grocer's van,  
We valiantly defy them all—  
THE ROADS WERE MADE FOR MAN!

Commander R. T. Bower, R.N., Carlton Club, S.W.1

Book tokens also to D. Jennings, Babington, Frome, and E. J. C. Taylor,  
17 William Street, Edinburgh, 3

## Essence



## of Parliament

**A** WEEK of few alarms and, as far as one heard, no excursions at all other than those to Brighouse and to Harrow. *Quis custodiet custodes?* and equally who should boycott the boycotters? Mr. Driberg wanted Sir Herbert Butcher, the Chairman of the Kitchen Committee, to make out a list of the articles on the House of Commons menu which were imported from South Africa, convenient alike, as Mr. Driberg ingenuously insisted, for Parliamentary boycotters and equally for Mr. Randolph Churchill, if anyone should be so rash as to invite that genial journalist, anxious to consume all the South African goods that he "conveniently could," to be his guest at the House of Commons. Sir Herbert Butcher could not be bothered but carried his geniality so far as to advise Mr. Driberg to lay off fruit salad. Colonel Cordeaux more bluntly and more logically advised him if he was so fussy to bring his own sandwiches.

Monday also saw Mr. Butler in the unfamiliar role of a fire alarm, and Mr. Lee, whom one had always imagined to belong to that sturdy band of Simon Pure Socialists to whom it is a mortal sin to burn anything but coal, **Gas and Gaiters** surprisingly confessed to the possession of an oil-stove in his private residence. No wonder that the wrath of heaven had descended on him and that the stove had burst into flame in righteous judgment; but, like a reformed drunkard denouncing the Demon, Mr. Lee was in fine fettle on Tuesday denouncing the wickedness of oil and complaining that its price rackets had driven other fuels off the market. To Mr. Nabarro anything is funny, even the Gas Board. He, too, was in splendid form, denouncing the Board for its failure to sell pre-packed seven-pound bags of smokeless fuel. His colleague, Mr. Proudfoot, master of the supermarkets of Scarborough, interrupted that seven-pound bags would never go on the Scarborough markets. Mr. Nabarro, like Pickwick's fat boy, swelled wisely at such an interruption, and when Mr. Shinwell endeavoured to rise, Mr. Nabarro imperiously waved him down. "But I am going to help you," announced Mr. Shinwell with tears in his eyes. The bubble was pricked. Mr. Nabarro almost collapsed at the news of such an improbable intention. It was all most splendid comedy.

It was Mr. Wedgwood Benn who set the light ball rolling at the end of Question Time on Tuesday by jokes about the University seats. Mr. Macmillan, entering into the jest, promised to consult the Chancellors of Oxford and Cambridge Universities. Mr. Harold Wilson, who by his own confession had abstained, weighed in with some genially barbed compliments and a Latin quotation, which, since it derived from

Trog of the *Spectator* rather than from Virgil, did not quite revive the spirit of an eighteenth-century Parliament. Mr. Lipton, who according to newspaper reports had voted for Mr. Macmillan at Oxford, wished him a long life at Oxford if not at Westminster. Thirty-five years he put it at, which would, I fancy, give Mr. Macmillan exactly a century.

Mr. Macmillan on Thursday was on a weightier topic. It was the much awaited railway statement. There was a full House and a full press gallery. The Speaker rebuked the birching boys for "their shouts of sadistic encouragement," and then the House got down to business. But it was not quite clear what this reorganization was going to amount to, if it was going to amount to anything. It sounded awfully like the sort of stuff that we had so often heard before. All that does seem to be clear is that we are going to pay a lot more in the almost immediate future and then to think again. Poor men, it seems, will in the future have to travel by car if only Mr. Marples can find somewhere for them to park their cars.

Whatever its other merits, a defence debate in the previous week does certainly, as Mr. Wingfield Digby complained, make the Service Estimates into very dull affairs. On the Naval

**The Wigg on the Green** Estimates only two Socialists were able to take it on the Opposition benches and to survive in order to hear the fate of the British Navy. "Everything," ran the comment, "seems to be at sea except the Navy." The Army did a little bit better. Mr. Strachey quoted American expert opinion that the next war might last much longer than many people imagined. It might even last as long as three days. Mr. Soames told us a lot about the Army's new uniform but was rather less informative about whether there would be any soldiers to put in it. As G. K. Chesterton once asked, "Should hats have heads in them?" Mr. Digby's complaint was that Parliament now tended to be more interested in grand strategic matters, which they did not know very much about, rather than in the details of service equipment. Doubtless they do not know very much about either the large matters or the small. But, curiosity for curiosity, I should have thought it more reasonable to ask what an army is for than to ask how it ought to be dressed. To me the high spot of the debate was certainly the vigorous attack on the Wigg-Fitzroy Maclean Axis, as they laid about them with their reiterated complaint of the scrapping of useful conventional, in favour of useless nuclear, weapons. One Wigg, it is true, does not make a Green, but what fine fettle the Colonel is in these days! Almost alone, he nearly makes the House of Commons tolerable.

The Lords had their Defence debate on Wednesday and Thursday of this week, and they made a better show of it than the Commons. Partly this was because Lord Hailsham, who led it off, was in philosophic mood, admitting frankly to a balance of argument in the decision of policy. On these matters Hailsham Philosophic makes a better opening batsman than Hailsham Excited. On balance he would keep the H-bomb but rewrite the National Anthem, and most noble lords seemed to find this a reasonable compromise. Partly also the debate was better because noble lords were not bothered about party splits and party manoeuvres. Socialist peers are by and large party liners, and, as Beachcomber would put it, if there were a party line they would toe it. The attempt to toe it when it was not there meant that they did not impinge very much on the debate, and the Government had it pretty well its own way.

— PERCY SOMERSET

☆

### Diagnosis

"MINISTER'S HEADACHE IS FOWL PEST."  
*Dartmouth Chronicle*



## \* CRITICISM \*



### BOOKING OFFICE

#### Rank Outsider

Ritual in the Dark: Colin Wilson. Gollancz, 18/-

**JACK-THE-RIPPER**, with his nursery rhyme nickname, titillated the Victorians. His victims were as unmentionable as the mutilations he inflicted on them, and rumours that he was really somebody quite respectable undermined the common belief that you could decide the desirability of your neighbours from external evidence. To-day these points have lost their interest and he lingers in criminal legend partly for the light he throws on social history, partly because of the riddle of his identity. (A favoured candidate at present is one of Rasputin's in-laws.) The gutter, *la boue*, attracts

statisticians and gossip-writers rather than drug-sodden poets or blasphemous painters or icy dandies. The vice kings spend their time with reporters rather than with makers of grim ballades. (And how many of them there are! The underworld must be a heptarchy, at the very least.) Crime has lost the allurements of the forbidden.

A modern Jack-the-Ripper seems, therefore, an odd topic for Mr. Colin Wilson's first novel. Yet it is part of his curious strength that he is uninterested in being fashionable. He uses a flair for publicity as his hero Shaw did, to buy himself free time to conduct the inquiries and teach the lessons that seem important to him, and he is prepared to flourish views and heroes that a more coldly calculating beginner would eschew as unsaleable. The self-reliance can lead to naïveties:

but then most great men are naïve; it is the price they pay for courage. And Mr. Wilson, again like Shaw, has staked everything on turning out to be a great man.

In his entertaining autobiographical introduction to *Religion and the Rebel* Mr. Wilson suggests that posterity will find his message in his as yet unpublished journals, from which his rapidly written and distractingly successful critical books were derived, and in his vast novel suggested by Jack-the-Ripper. Presumably the present book is a condensation of the half a million words that occupied him so long. It is a baffling work. It is very readable and has Mr. Wilson's hypnotic lucidity, sometimes, like Shaw's, a blinding, self-defeating lucidity. Because it is written so smoothly and provides such a variety of meetings and partings and conversations it is easy to glide along without quite grasping the argument. I think Mr. Wilson is saying—but before now he has proved tricky to interpret—that the initial belief of the illuminati that a sex-killer should be admired as an outsider, as a rebel who is a potential mystic, must give way to an awareness that, however strong one's anarchism and nihilism, one must side with the community against the violent. If so, this is a big step forward from adolescent Byronism towards maturity.

The story is told through the eyes of a narcissistic narrator, whose first meeting with the Ripper is cunningly placed in the Diaghilev Exhibition so that the *fin-de-siècle* side of Mr. Wilson is set at a light distance. Although the book reminded me from time to time of *Sinister Street*, the stark, contemporary picaresque continually shows through the veils of incense and hints of Sin, despite the mysterious Catholic priest who, from time to time, discusses with the narrator what is really going on, like some clerical Mycroft Holmes.

### THESE LOOKS SPEAK VOLUMES

#### A Panorama of Publishers



#### 26. BRIAN BATSFORD

**CHAIRMAN** of the firm which his great-grandfather founded in 1843. Inherited a marked interest in architecture, accentuated by his own aptitude as a practising artist. Has endeavoured to maintain the company's traditional standard of good presentation, specializing in topography, history and the fine arts. Holds outspoken views on the inadequacy of book trade publicity, which he has made several attempts to remedy. Member of Parliament (Conservative) for Ealing South; Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Minister of Works.



Where, despite its continuous verve, the novel fails is through the lack of awareness of anything outside the narrator. The setting is as vague as the characters. I am a little afraid that the rootlessness Mr. Wilson has sometimes seemed to confuse with non-attachment may lead to an early withering. He must be one of the few novelists one would urge to write a novel about the sense-world of childhood.

— R. G. G. PRICE

## NEW FICTION

**Pursuit of the Prodigal.** Louis Auchincloss. Gollancz, 16/-  
**The Ballad of Peckham Rye.** Muriel Spark. Macmillan, 15/-  
**Spring Song and Other Stories.** Joyce Cary. Michael Joseph, 18/-  
**Breakdown.** John Bratby. Hutchinson, 25/-

LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS is now established as one of America's most subtle novelists. In those exceptional short stories, "The Injustice Collectors," he emerged eight years ago as a highly civilized writer who could take to pieces the upper crust of American society with an accuracy that came of deep understanding. His latest novel, *Pursuit of the Prodigal*, is up to this standard; it describes a young man's rebellion against all the pretences among which he has been brought up in a wealthy matriarchy on the north shore of Long Island, a rebellion that breaks up his first marriage and, stripping him of his inheritance, makes him as a man. Mr. Auchincloss always appears to know more about his characters than he tells us; only gradually he makes us aware of the full extent of Reese's burning integrity, that makes him socially such an awkward customer, and of his first wife's ugly thirst for power. The family relationships, based on suspicion as much as affection, are analysed with brilliant irony, and the subplot of a shady lawsuit into which Reese is innocently drawn is very dramatically manipulated. This novel has a professional skill and finish that puts it far above the common run.

In *The Ballad of Peckham Rye* Muriel Spark has pulled off another very funny book. She has the knack of making us see ordinary simple people like managing directors and typists and landladies in a slightly mad light, so that unless we pinch ourselves we almost cease to notice how askew is their talk and behaviour. Here she gives us nothing less than an account of how Peckham Rye is turned upside down by a Scots charlatan with a good line in public relations talk, who sells himself simultaneously to two different employers and has a dangerously disruptive effect on the lives of his friends. Miss Spark is a comic writer of great economy; she can dispose of an unwanted mistress in three lines with no more than a corkscrew, but in fact beneath the hard surface of her crackling wit there is a lot of human sympathy. Dougal is a notable creation,

and we are left wondering about his embryonic horns. Not that they matter.

I was disappointed in *Spring Song and Other Stories*, a collection of all Joyce Cary's short pieces, including five hitherto unpublished; they are all quite soundly written, but in none of them is there the wild imagination that is the glory of his best novels. The most successful are set in remote parts of Africa, and are probably based on his experiences as a political officer. A recurring theme is the man who finds domestic happiness after a flutter outside his marriage. Mr. Cary was fond of exploring the relations between children and parents, and a number of these stories are devoted to the minute observations—almost a time/motion study—of the reactions of very small children.

John Bratby is as spendthrift with words as he is, in his own medium, with paint. His style is loudly repetitious, and apt to be confidential—"dear reader." In *Breakdown* we follow the rake's progress of a painter named James Brady who, suffering a mild conscience at having deceived his wife, plunges downhill in a series of grotesque debauches. The book is extravagantly cluttered with whole life-histories of entirely irrelevant people. There is scarcely a character whom Mr. Bratby doesn't appear to hate; about his fellow-artists he is particularly sour. He has undoubted powers of observation, but at present no notion of the disciplines of writing, and his coy references to himself are not endearing. The illustrations are his.

— ERIC KEOWN

## OTHER NEW BOOKS

**Two Years to Do.** David Baxter. Elek, 15/-  
 One day Mr. Baxter will be sorry that he wrote such a good book to publicize his dim and wet behaviour during his National Service. This is his story of two years as a clerk GD in the R.A.S.C. at Aldershot and Blandford. He was the intellectual type of non-conformist and seems to think that he was rather clever. Well, he is rather clever really; his book is written with wit and observation and a natural sense of style, and his account of his absence without leave is positively Orwellian. But intellectual non-conformists should realize that they have the duty, or privilege, of assuming the responsibility they are capable of so that discipline can be taken from the hands of the officers and N.C.O.s they so love to pillory, and their sad stupid comrades who cannot fend for themselves be better looked after. If Mr. Baxter has matured by the time his next book comes out, it should be pretty good.

— B. A. Y.

**The Glittering Coffin.** Dennis Potter. Gollancz, 18/-

Mr. Potter is the miner's son who won a New College scholarship and whose appearance in the B.B.C.'s TV series on Class drew attention to the difficulties of the intelligent young who want to benefit from their educational opportunities without cutting off their roots.

His short, loud book is a mixture of



HOLLAND

"No, sir, your increase cannot be backdated to August 1958."

imprecise invective about the commercialization of English Society, sneers at the increasingly middle-class Labour Party and rallying cries to the betrayed Left. It will infuriate many of the middle-aged, who will feel they have met it all before and would prefer more of the moving autobiographical passages; but this is one of the more articulate voices of the younger generation and it is only sensible to listen. Suddenly the prose will tauten, the tone mature and the objectives come into focus. Mr. Potter's disillusionment with Oxford seems partly due to his peculiar experiences; most men's Oxford is not nearly so fruitfully aristocratic.

— R. G. G. P.

**Tobias Furneaux.** Rupert Furneaux. Cassell, 30/-

Considering he was the first man to sail twice round the world, it is surprising that Captain Tobias Furneaux is not better known, but clearly he has been overshadowed by his great master, Cook, on whose second voyage to the Pacific he commanded the sister-ship, the *Adventurer*. Historians have censured him for not discovering that Tasmania was an island, but no doubt naval men will think him right in sticking to his orders. He finished a prisoner in American hands during the War of Independence.

In this interesting biography Mr. Furneaux not only paints an attractive portrait of his redoubtable ancestor but gives an excellent idea of life in the eighteenth century navy. The more one reads about it, with its gaoibird crews, fiddling contractors and untrained and often crippled cooks, the more astonishing it becomes that its ships ever got to sea at all.

— E. O. D. K.

## TWO FROM PUNCH

**25 Years Hard.** H. F. Ellis. Parrish, 17/6.  
 There is no point in repeating here that this collection of H. F. Ellis's work is funny, since most of it appeared in *Punch* in the first place. Let it suffice that this choice made by the author out of his writing over the past quarter-century contains all his most memorable pieces,

plus many that one is only too glad to meet again. No connoisseur of humorous writing can live without it.

Motor If You Must. J. B. Boothroyd. *Allen and Unwin*, 10/6. If you wondered whether this series that came out in *Punch* last year would appear in book form, here is the answer. Brockbank illustrations, of course.

## AT THE PLAY

*Phèdre* (SAVOY)

*Bérénice* (SAVOY)

*The Dumb Waiter and The Room*  
(ROYAL COURT)

*A majority of One* (PHOENIX)

MARIE BELL, who has come to London with a distinguished French company for a three-week season of Racine, opened with *Phèdre*. I have always suspected the wife of Theseus of possessing the iron constitution of the hypochondriac, she rallies so remarkably after having been reported dying at the beginning of the play; and Mme. Bell interprets her as a strong woman fatally sick in her mind. Compared with Edwige Feuillère's, three years ago, her performance is conceived on a much larger scale; this *Phèdre* is corroded and distorted and eaten up by lust, and is made a sinister and predatory creature, with jewelled claws very much in evidence. Mme. Bell, as we already knew, is a powerful actress of wide range (I last saw her in Paris a year ago as the nostalgic courtesan in *La Bonne Soupe*, and very good she was); she brings to this part emotional force and superb control,

and she speaks the verse exquisitely.

She is well supported by Jacques Dacqmine as Thésée, Hubert Noel (whose name, by an extraordinary oversight, does not appear on the programme) as Hyppolite, Jean Chevrier as Thérémène, Henriette Barreau as Oenone and Claire Versane as Aricie. How I wish her practice of taking the play straight, with no intervals, could be more often imitated. It preserves the tension, and saves one's feet from being trampled over by one's fellow-elephants.

Again, in *Bérénice*, we had a further magnificent demonstration of the full-scale declamatory attack of the French classical theatre. After our own methods with Shakespeare it may seem static and a little artificial, but though we may not be moved there is no denying the excitement and satisfaction of hearing great verse delivered by such masters, with such complete control of high emotional pressures and with so marvellous a sense of balance. Mme. Bell was again admirably supported by Jacques Dacqmine, as Titus, and by Jean Chevrier, as Antiochus. Here Bérénice, tall, pale and beautiful, has a queenly dignity that makes it natural for her at the end, all passion spent, to take the lead in nobility. She is a very fine actress, and we are lucky to have her with us.

I missed Harold Pinter's plays, *The Dumb Waiter* and *The Room*, when they were at the Hampstead Theatre Club, and am glad to have caught up with them, at the Royal Court, where they are entirely

at home. Mr. Pinter is a deeply serious writer, and only incidentally concerned with comedy, though his brilliant revue sketches show how funny he can be when he sets his mind to it. He is obsessed with the isolation of the individuals and the difficulties of human communications, and in this he is clearly influenced by Samuel Beckett, to whose plays his are closer than to those of any other *avant-garde* author.

I find them fascinating as experiments, but as plays perversely obscure. I mean that Mr. Pinter depends on a symbolism to which he offers so few clues that we are left floundering in the dark, a fate to which no audience should be subjected. In *The Room*, for instance, he begins by demonstrating effectively how unbridgeable is the moat that surrounds each one of us. An elderly man and woman are living together

## REP. SELECTION

Bristol Old Vic, *Mary Stuart*, until April 2nd.

Library, Manchester, *The Long and the Short and the Tall*, until April 9th.

Ipswich Theatre, *The Circle*, until March 26th.

Theatre Royal, Lincoln, *One More River*, until March 19th.

in a tenement room in a crumbling house with atmosphere by Kafka, but one of them might as well be in Leeds, the other in Honolulu. The man talks hardly at all, the woman all the time; she is constantly afraid of something, that they will lose their room, that he will catch cold or not eat his tea. In his only speech, a remarkable one, the man shows that he lavishes on his motor-van the affection he once gave his wife. So far I am with Mr. Pinter, extremely interested and only mildly puzzled by the odd behaviour of the landlord and of a couple who are searching for a room. But now look what Mr. Pinter does. He introduces a mysterious visitor who insists on seeing the woman when her husband is out, and proves to be a blind negro with a message from her father. That he asks if she is "Sal" affects her powerfully, seeming to rekindle dim and poignant memories. Then the husband returns, and after ignoring the negro, suddenly attacks him brutally, at which the woman screams that she has lost her sight, and the curtain falls.

Sort that out if you can. One may suggest that the negro is a Christ-symbol, one may suggest all kinds of things; but it seems to me thoroughly unsatisfactory that we are given absolutely no indication of which guess is the right one. If Mr. Pinter replies, there is no right thing, I don't accept that as an answer, for that would justify a play composed entirely of irrelevancies.

*The Dumb Waiter*, about two bored dumb men endlessly waiting for orders while they share a room to which an old service hatch brings down repeated and pointless orders for food, is equally clear up to a point and in the end equally obscure.



Hippolyte—HUBERT NOEL

Phèdre—MARIE BELL

[Phèdre

That Mr. Pinter is a valuable recruit to our theatre is beyond doubt, but I shall like him better when he learns to explain himself.

The acting of both plays is of a very high standard. In *The Dumb Waiter* Nicholas Selby and George Tovey illustrate vividly the gaps in the relationship between the dumb men, and Michael Brennan and Vivien Merchant give the husband and wife sinister significance in *The Room*.

America's addiction to mother-worship explains the great success of *A Majority of One*, by Leonard Spigelgass, in New York. It is a rambling, exceedingly sentimental little comedy in which a Jewish mother wins through for her family by charm and common sense. Accompanying her daughter and son-in-law going on a trade mission to Tokyo, she makes friends on the ship with a lonely Japanese industrialist until warned by her suspicious son-in-law that this is his bargaining opponent at the coming conference, slyly trying to use her. The conference turning out a disaster for the American team, Momma swallows her pride and visits the Japanese gentleman in his home, where she gets a proposal of marriage and tactfully prepares for the triumph of her son-in-law. The minor characters are dull, the acting on the fringes uninteresting; all that matters in the play are Momma and the Japanese, and they are beautifully taken by Molly Picon and Robert Morley and sympathetically produced by Wendy Toye. Miss Picon is a warm, bustling, delightful little person, and Mr. Morley, though his comic talent is largely wasted, gets gentle fun from the gradual melting of a stickler for etiquette.

#### Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

*Make Me An Offer* (New—23/12/59) and *Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'be*, two engaging lowlife musicals from Theatre Workshop, the first about junk-dealers, the second about a gambling dive. And *Look Who's Here!* (Fortune—27/1/60), witty intimate revue.

—ERIC KEOWN

#### AT THE PICTURES

*The Four Hundred Blows*

*The Wreck of the Mary Deare*

THE stimulating brilliance of *Les Quatre Cent Coups*, or *The Four Hundred Blows* (Director: François Truffaut) is attained without the help of any colour or spectacle or other impressive visual effects, without any celebrated stars, with perfectly ordinary everyday backgrounds and a story of the utmost simplicity. What is its secret? Partly—many people would say mainly—the performance of the boy Jean-Pierre Léaud as the central character, which in effect means his intelligent responsiveness to direction. The film is all about him, he is on the screen nearly all the time. But there are other equally important qualities in the piece which are not so obvious and cannot be personalized. I'm not sure that they can be defined in any way; but they make the whole thing



[The Four Hundred Blows

Antoine Doinel—JEAN-PIERRE LÉAUD

quite compulsively interesting and enjoyable.

My twenty-five-year-old dictionary of French slang defines "faire les quatre cent coups" as "to lead a fast life," and it seems to me that the American translators might have made a better shot at some equivalent of the title that gave a hint of this idea, instead of presenting it with such baffling literalness. After all, they've gone far enough with some of the ordinary dialogue titles, even to making a boy say of his schoolmaster "Sourpuss is a bastard. Before I get drafted I'll knock his teeth in"—which is not very helpful to the atmosphere of a film photographed almost entirely, exteriors and interiors, in Paris.

Which brings us to another of the film's valuable qualities. *Real* street-scenes are used, with real passers-by, and the interiors show real rooms, not walls and corners erected by carpenters on the set (which no amount of skilful lighting can prevent from looking slightly artificial). I agree, it doesn't follow that the real thing looks real on the films; plenty of experienced people will tell you that it *never* does, that it always looks wrong. But not in this case. The schoolroom (with all its characteristic dry, wooden sounds and echoes) and the flat where the boy lives with his parents are utterly convincing.

The boy is about twelve or thirteen, and the trouble starts in that schoolroom when he is given extra homework as a punishment. At home, there are various distractions, and he forgets about it. From this develops a string of troubles, as he stays away from school, and then tells a hasty lie to explain his absence, and then is afraid to go home because of the lie, and

then steals . . . until at last, still the same small figure, he is a "juvenile delinquent." In the final shot he stares solemnly at us, and the picture "freezes" to a still.

It is the film's aim to show, and its triumph that it does, that this is a quite ordinary boy who would have been normal and happy given a normal and happy home life. There is no deliberate malice or badness anywhere, only selfishness, imperceptiveness, lack of imagination; the child is so used to neglect that when things go wrong there is no older person it occurs to him to trust. The picture is not harsh or gloomy; there is its distinction. Long episodes show the unbeatable resilience and light-heartedness of youth (for instance the day of truancy, when he and his friend have all kinds of fun, and the wonderful evening when, for once, the family are all happy together). In every tiniest scene there are excellent, convincing details, spicing bitterness with laughter or sudden oddity. This is a really brilliant one that nobody should miss.

There was no London theatre for *The Wreck of the Mary Deare* (Director:

#### PUNCH EXHIBITIONS

"*Punch in the Cinema*." Leicester Gaumont.

"*Punch with Wings*." Exhibition Hall, Queens Building, London Airport Central.

For South African readers: The duplicate cinema exhibition will be at University College Library, Salisbury, S. Rhodesia, from April 25.





[The Splendid Spur

Luke Settle—PATRICK TROUGHTON

Jack Marvel—KENNETH FARRINGTON

Hannibal Tingcomb—NIGEL ARKWRIGHT

Michael Anderson), and so it went straight out on release last week; but it deserved a London run. Though an essentially artificial "strong" story, with a hero and one or two villains and contrived suspense and the whole works, it's extremely well done and spectacularly impressive. It begins with Gary Cooper and Charlton Heston alone on a big freighter drifting in heavy seas in the Channel, and proceeds by way of a London Court of Inquiry (where we see Michael Redgrave, Emlyn Williams, Cecil Parker and Alexander Knox) to a final episode of suspense and violent action. Things get rather too hasty and scrambled towards the end, but as a whole it's admirable entertainment, often very striking visually (CinemaScope Metrocolor photography: Joseph Ruttenberg).

#### Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

There's an excellent new one, *The Angry Silence*—the best British film I've seen for years; details next week. *Never Take Sweets from a Stranger* is quite well done (apart from the exasperating—and exasperatingly justified—assumption that almost no one here will notice anything wrong about the mixture of accents in a British picture supposedly set in Canada), and its effectiveness in warning people against the pathological child-murderer is praised by various authorities, but one feels uneasy about the motives of the audience it will get—the audience that its producers counted on to pay for it. The brightest popular-entertainment picture in London is *The Battle of the Sexes* (9/3/60). The strange, haunting *Hiroshima Mon Amour* (20/1/60) and the same director's *Night and Fog* ("Survey," 24/2/60) continue.

Nothing great among the releases. *Happy Anniversary* (27/1/60) has good bits, but seems too determined that everyone, including the slightly deaf, should realize how tremendously naughty it's being. *The Bramble Bush* (9/3/60) is a glossy best-sellerish melodrama. *Too Young to Love* adapts the play *Pick-up Girl*: another

British imitation of the transatlantic scene, with an obvious eye on that part of the teenage audience that is just old enough to get in to an "X" film.

—RICHARD MALLET

### ON THE AIR

#### Blunted Spur

IN view of their past record I was surprised to find that the BBC's current Sunday afternoon serial for children, *The Splendid Spur*, is a pretty flabby affair. I don't know the book by Arthur Quiller-Couch, but I would guess that it was more robust than David Tutaev's television adaptation. The *Radio Times* description "a rousing tale of the Civil War" seems hardly justified, for the action is sluggish, much of the playing far from satisfactory (especially in the matter of coping with archaic speech forms), and the whole adventure strangely unexciting, considering that it contains many traditionally thrilling ingredients. The last episode I saw took place in what should have been a sinister old inn, just the place for midnight deeds of derring-do; but the characters seemed to be trying to get used to their costumes at a fancy-dress ball, the sets were flat and quite without atmosphere (mainly because of an unimaginative lighting-plot), and the story had been so obviously telescoped that I didn't believe a word of it. I hope younger viewers will manage to get more excited than I did, but I somehow doubt it. They are used to swift, convincing action in their Western films, and they must surely expect it when the cowboys and Indians become Cavaliers and Roundheads.

There are times when I wish I were in South Wales or the West of England. Just now, for instance, TWW are presenting a series called "Clash!"—six half-hour unscripted battles between public figures with notably different points of view on particular subjects. The first three discussions, respectively, are to be between Roy

Thomson and Randolph Churchill on the Press, Bertrand Russell and Lord Harding on World Government, and Frank Cousins and Sir Tom O'Brien on Trade Unions and Politics. This looks a good idea on paper. If it lives up to its promise it will deserve a wider showing than Channel 10 can give it.

TWW, a lively little outfit altogether, is also entering the race by Independent TV companies to hand out money to the arts. Several thousands of pounds are being divided between the Swansea Drama and Music Festivals, the Cardiff Committee of the Royal National Eisteddfod, the National Museum of Wales, and the Guild for the promotion of Welsh Music. Grants have already been made to several theatres and ballet companies, and there are plans to award two open scholarships for the Bristol Old Vic Drama School, including the payment of fees and of a maintenance grant for two years. One way and another, the West's awake.

My favourite double act turned up the other week in "Little Miss Music" (BBC). I find Morecambe and Wise irresistibly funny, but there were signs on this occasion that they might be spreading their wings, and that would be a pity. Their act lost something when they became involved in a threesome with Sheila Buxton. There's a classic variety routine—the best available at present—and it will be a sad day if ever it becomes stretched out, or swamped in some vast and tottering extravaganza called *The Morecambe and Wise Show*, with dancing girls and visiting pop singers and all the rest of the trimmings. I suppose the money would be good—but so many brilliant comics have met a sorry end in this way. (Ken Dodd, a comic with a fine, manic approach, recently suffered in a thing called "The Ken Dodd Show" (BBC), in which I also noted that the Littlewood Songsters performed simple dance routines too coyly and not well. I mention this because choirs, chorus girls and orchestras are too often taken for granted as being beyond criticism.) As for "Little Miss Music" Miss Buxton sings well and has a pleasing manner. Alyn Ainsworth and the BBC Northern Dance Orchestra back her up in their usual impeccable style. I believe she will become a great favourite, for there is a genuinely cosy, relaxed feeling about the show. Why a man came in the middle of it and solemnly showed her photographs of interior decoration schemes I am at a loss to understand; but entertainment takes many forms.

I have found stage versions of the works of Jane Austen depressing, and I see no reason why television adaptations should be any more successful. *Emma* (BBC) has some intelligent playing by Diana Fairfax and Paul Daneman, but the novel remains a novel, with novelist's dialogue and effects that only a novelist can produce. Jane Austen's books come to life through a leisurely wooing of the reader's imagination by the author's subtle gift for writing prose. There is no other way.

—HENRY TURTON

## As They Might Have Been

XII F.M. LORD MONTGOMERY of ALAMEIN

*THE aged sunyasi sits him down where the mountain  
winds blow steady,  
His mind a welter of holy thoughts, his begging-bowl at  
the ready.  
Could it ever occur, I wonder, in those rare exotic climes,  
That his begging-bowl would be kept replete by the hand  
of the Sunday Times?*



# Your Investment Queries Answered

By E. S. TURNER

SIX months ago on your advice I bought Amalgamated Grit at 2s. 3d. and the shares are still only 205s. Shall I switch elsewhere?

*Don't be hasty—there are good times round the corner.*

I have burned my fingers in Shetland Oils. Can you name a good recovery stock?

*Teenage girls are demanding fur coats. Try Postal Furriers (1960).*

My Gunga Dinga Ordinary are showing a profit of £750,000. Should I sell?

*Only if you need the money.*

The Church of England is doing very well on the stock market these days. How can I find out what it is buying?

*Ring up your local vicar. But remember*

*—the Church can take risks that you can't. Why not stick to National Savings Certificates?*

A friend of mine says there is likely to be a take-over in Union Sludge. What do you think?

*Could be. Thanks.*

Do you think there is any future in television? My family frequently seem to watch it.

*I prefer something safe, like Channel Tunnel.*

I never see Great Western Railway shares quoted any more. Did something go wrong?

*Yes.*

My Velocipede Ordinary shares have hardly moved since I bought them sixty years ago. Is it time for a change?

*Switch to Bogwater New Cemetery. The chairman prophesies a record turnover next year.*

I have borrowed £2,000 from my bank and must return it by Friday morning. How can I double it meanwhile?

*Greyhound selections are on page 17.*

A friend of mine has offered to invest £200 for me in a building society which pays 25 per cent. It sounds quite attractive, don't you think?

*A little doubtful. You should widen your circle of friends.*

I fancy a flutter in rubber. What do you think of Fan Tan Estates?

*Fan Tan own a racecourse in Sussex, several blocks of flats in Paddington and a chain of dolls' hospitals. If you want a company with rubber interests, try West End Phonographs Ltd.*

I have £10,000 to invest for a favourite mistress, and was thinking of putting it in the Breathaker Temperance Building Society. Could I do better?

*For short-term investments where a high yield is desirable, I recommend Rio Oloroso. A new chromium seam has just been opened.*

I want to invest 35s. in Steel, but when I ring my broker he begs me to do nothing rash and hangs up. What shall I do?

*Your broker is obviously ultra-cautious. Why not buy a Premium Bond and a few beers?*

The men in our investment club favour Brewery shares, but we girls think there is more future in Gin. Are we right?

*Why not settle for Carbo Cordial? It is a new coal-tar by-product marketed by Antibody Industries, and selling fast.*

I bought Mexican Cuspidor on your advice when they were 104s. 6d. and they are now 1s. 11½d. Any suggestions?

*Queries like yours are not suitable for answering in this column. I am replying to you privately.*



*"Honest, Helen, I've really tried, but when he gets to that bit 'And the next To-night will be to-morrow night' I just can't help saying it with him."*

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